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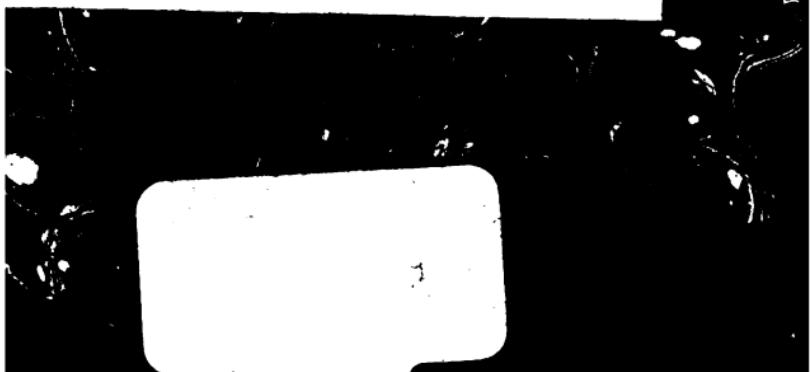
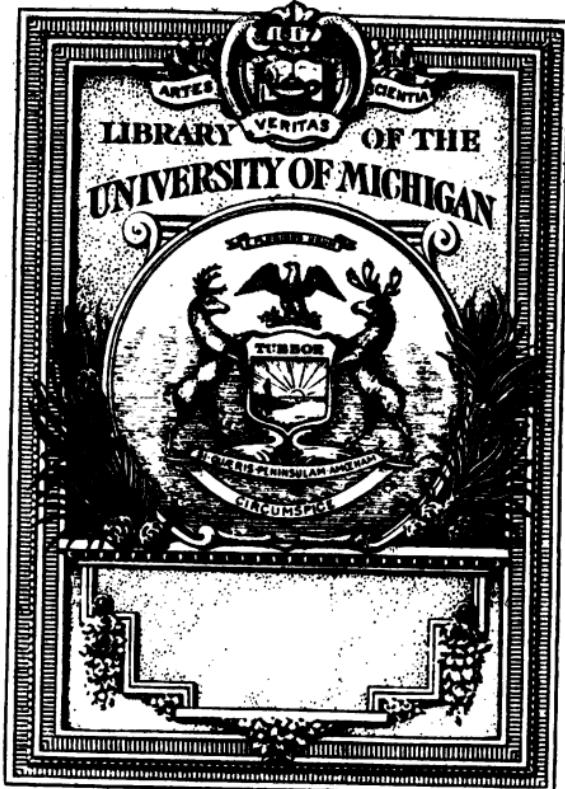
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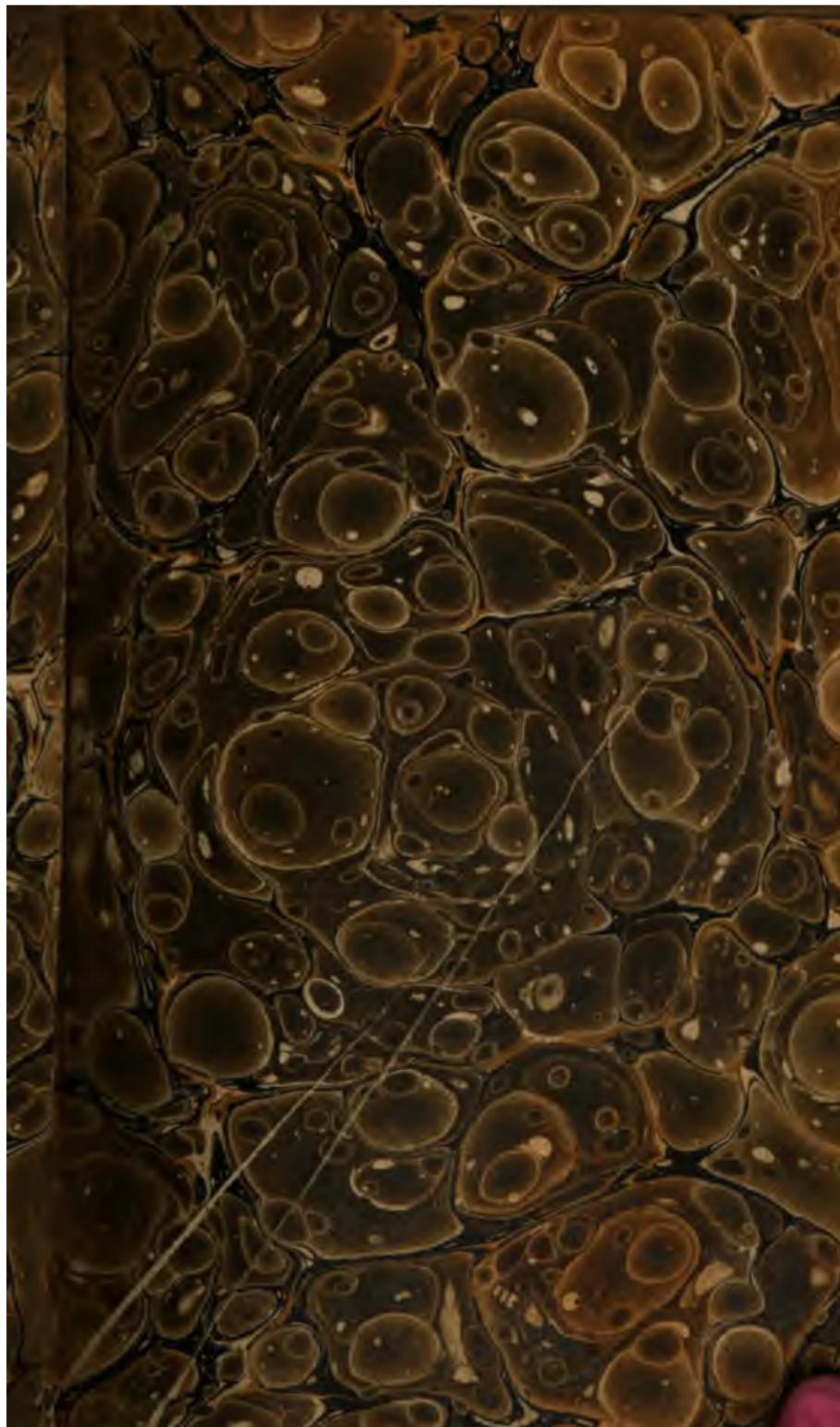
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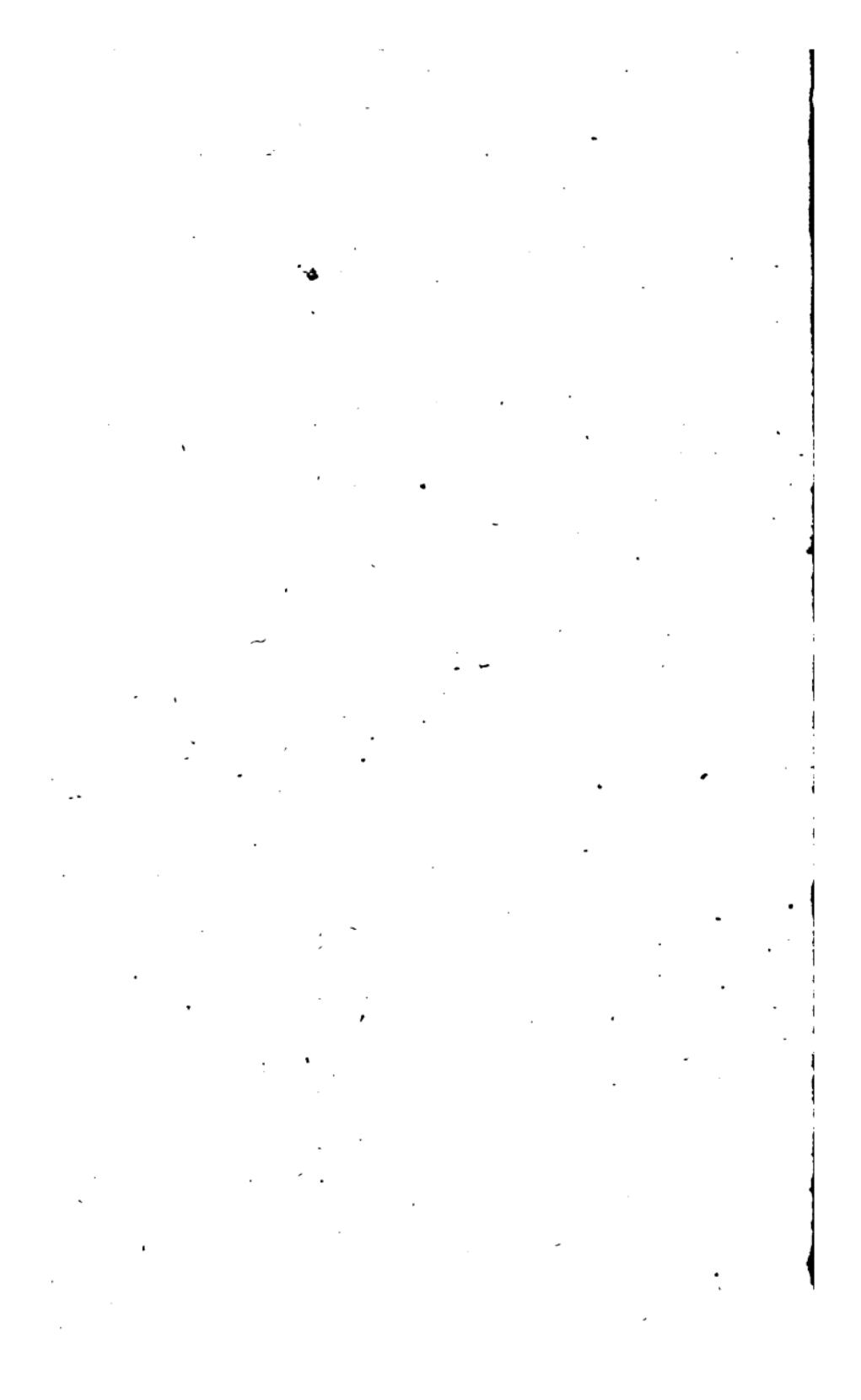
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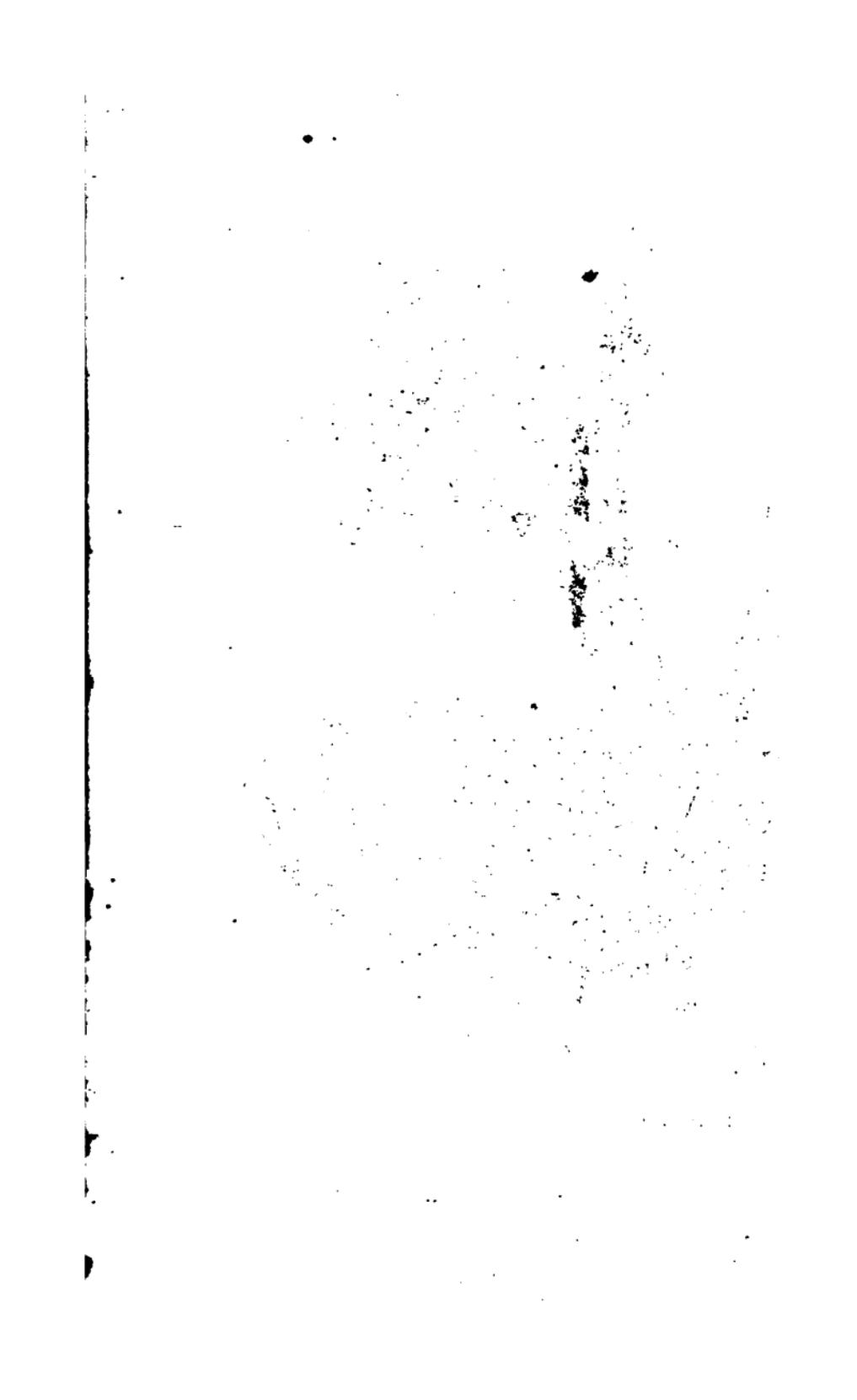




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1812







Tales, page 55.



J. A. Atkinson del.



# ECCENTRIC TALES.

*IN VERSE.*

ASCRIBED TO

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER, Esq.

FORMING A NEW VOLUME TO HIS BROAD GRINS.

.....  
A merry Story's better far  
Than a Lampoon or witty Libel.

ANON.

.....  
THE SECOND EDITION.

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London:

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1812.

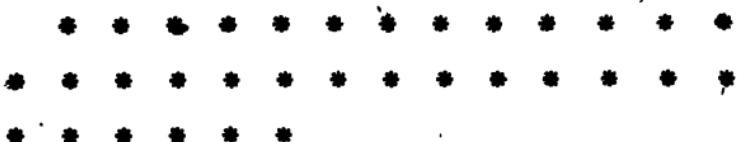
1870

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## PREFACE.



Now this I consider, if not the best possible motive for laying the following pieces before the public, at least to be one which the profoundest animadverter that ever penned paragraph, critical or explanatory, will find it extremely difficult to start a single objection against. A point so very essential,

a 2

and yet so rarely attained, being thus happily effected, I may with propriety exclaim, that my *stars* have proved fortunate, and, in gratitude to them, mark the day with a white stone, though I hope without the inference experienced by a poor toper, from a similar exclamation.

Cried Ned (of whom 'twas truly said  
He drank much oft'ner than he paid),  
"Come, landlord, deck the board with wine,  
This day to Bacchus I resign;  
For once my lucky stars have shone,  
This day I mark with a white stone."  
Quoth Boniface, "I thank thee, Neddy,  
But thou hast *chalk'd* too much already."

I do not immediately remember (and very probably may never have been informed), what great logician or philosopher it was who first observed that there was no general

## PREFACE.

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rule without an exception. The axiom is undoubtedly correct, for although we admit that a bad pen, a bad hat, or a bad pair of small-clothes is better than no pen, hat, or small-clothes whatever, yet surely it must be allowed that a bad motive is considerably worse than no motive at all. In this light have I viewed the matter, and having nothing to advance which might appear completely satisfactory, conceive I have taken the most prudent step in declining it altogether, for, in fact, so numerous have been the apologies made by my predecessors and contemporaries, for sending their bantlings into the world, and every plausible excuse has been so turned, so twisted, and so screwed to the purpose, that absolutely nothing is left for me to say, without being guilty of the most

arrant plagiarisms imaginable, an offence which, in my opinion, requires more than a simple apology, and, as it is probable that I may have but too often committed the crime already, I here, once for all, proffer such *ample atonement* as must convince the unprejudiced that my guilt was not intentional; therefore, poet or poetess, whoever thou art,

Rail not because I've ta'en a verse of thine.  
For thou art welcome to a score of mine.

Now, if this is not considered a sufficient satisfaction for "him, her, or them, or any or either of them, or for any person or persons whatsoever, lawfully claiming, or to claim, by, from, or under, him, her, or them, or any or either of them," (as Antilycurgus

hath expressed himself with admirable prolixity, in his one thousandth volume of *Precedents abridged*, as reference thereunto being had will more fully and at large appear), I am totally at a loss in what manner to point out a more equitable mode of redress.

I have often considered it as a measure likely to meet with the approbation of readers in general, if the writers of the present day, instead of laboring to justify publishing their various effusions, were merely to print, in legible characters, on a conspicuous part of the title-page, a short sentence, consisting of nearly the following words, "If not approved of the money to be returned," with the accompanying precaution of, "To be

kept clean till called for ;" this method might also have the beneficial effect of putting a stop to the virulence of a certain class of readers, who, conceiving the purchase to have given them a title to such a procedure, censure a work with all the acrimony imaginable, from no other motive than having parted with their money ; for no one surely would render his conduct so preposterously absurd, as to confess he had expended his cash in a foolish manner, when the contract might become void at his own option, an affirmation he might with propriety make, were he under the necessity of pocketing the bargain.

Another great object might possibly be obtained, by adopting this method, highly

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beneficial to *purchasers* of books, who are liable to numerous applications from others who prefer borrowing to buying, as it will impress on the memory of the borrower two most essential points, that of not only keeping the book clean, but of reminding him of the propriety of returning it, for, as it has somewhere been judiciously observed, "it is found, in general, much easier to retain the work itself, than the contents of it."

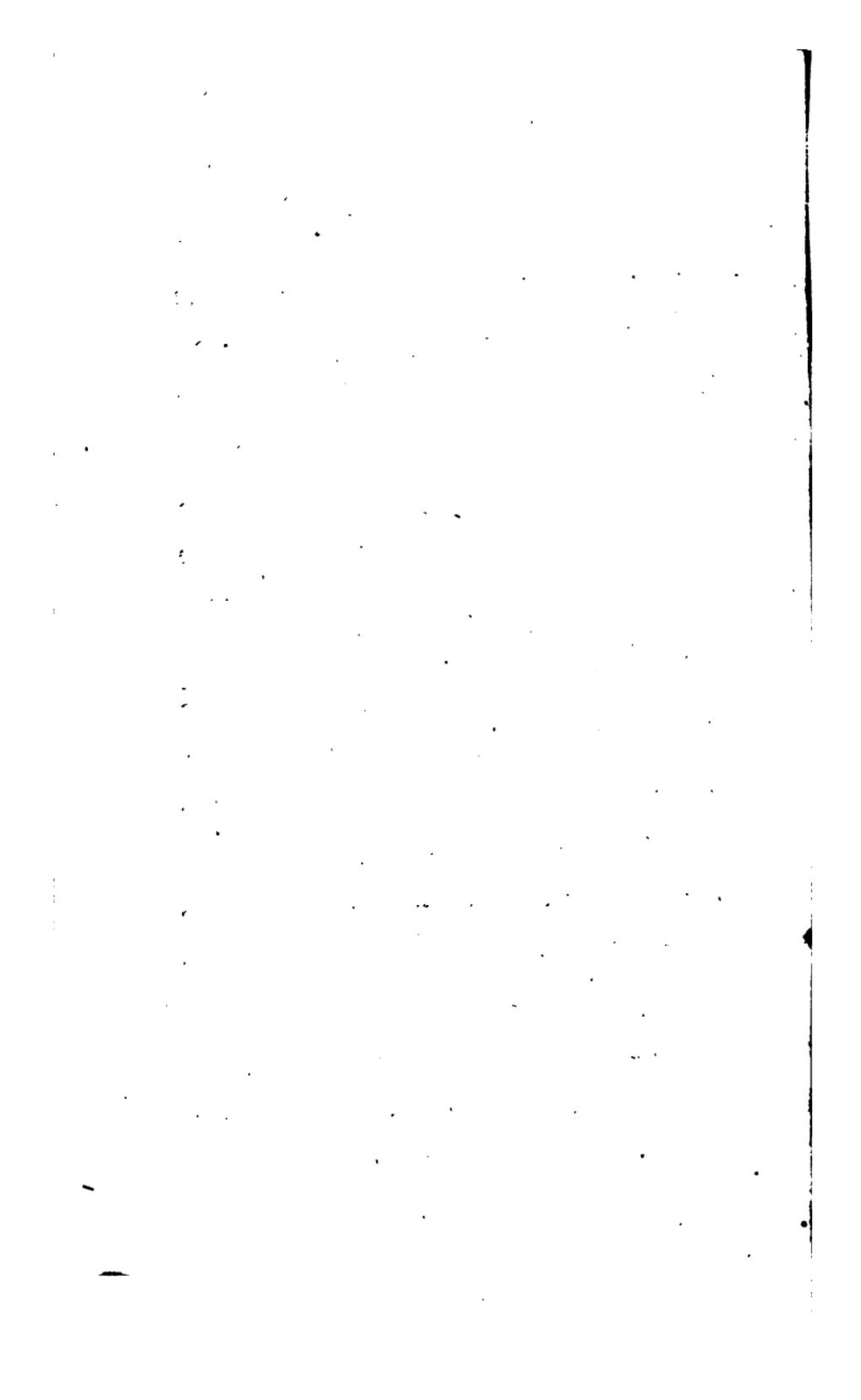
It may be asked (since I have neither attempted to justify, nor have adopted the last-mentioned method of appeasing the anger of a disappointed purchaser,) what all this preamble is intended for. For no other purpose whatever but to maintain the good old custom of making some proemial observa-

tions, no matter whether to the purpose or not. It is like spreading the cloth before a repast, it announces something to be forthcoming, which will prove a treat, should the skill of the cook and the palate of the guest in the least degree correspond; for it is with reading as it is with eating, let a man sit down with the hope and intention of enjoying a satisfactory meal, and that board must be indifferently spread that will not afford a single dish to realize his expectations; but if with a temper not of the most gentle nature, prone to irritation, involved in perplexities, and soured by disappointments, he drags his chair to the table, it is a matter of little consequence what delicacies are set before him; roast, boiled, stewed, fried, grilled, all is wrong, tasteless, insipid; it is burnt to a

---

cinder, it is boiled to a rag, it is raw, it is cold. From such men (who, as it hath been quaintly expressed, will quarrel with their bread and butter) the learned fraternity of authors may join with the worshipful company of cooks, in the pious response of the Litany, and pray for a speedy deliverance.

Therefore, gentle reader, (for however we may hereafter differ, I am resolved not to give the first angry word) I have spread the table for thy entertainment; and, although no ostentation of cookery, nor luxuries of the higher class are set before thee, yet it is hoped that some of the simpler cates of which it consists may be found not totally destitute of savour, and thou mayst rise from the treat, if not amply gratified, at least contented.



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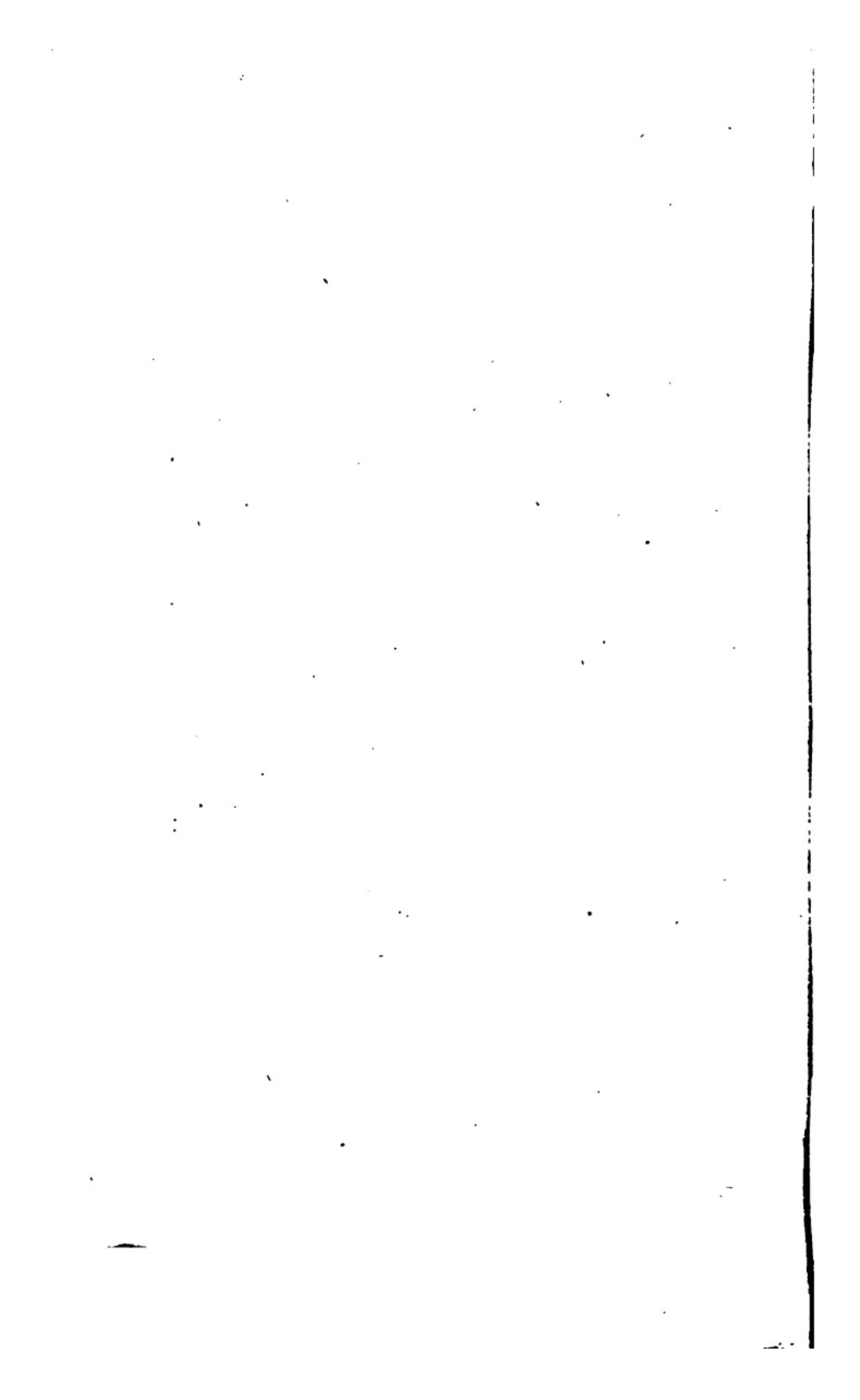
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THE pieces contained in this little volume are principally **ORIGINALS**, interspersed with a few **OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES**; how far the present appearance of the latter may become them, will be best ascertained by a comparison with the original text, which is (or a particular reference thereto) annexed to each respective tale. What claims the former may have to the title they bear is left to the candour of the reader to determine; perhaps but a trifling portion, if any, for

“ *Nihil dictum quod non dictum prius;*”

or in other words, according to the adage,

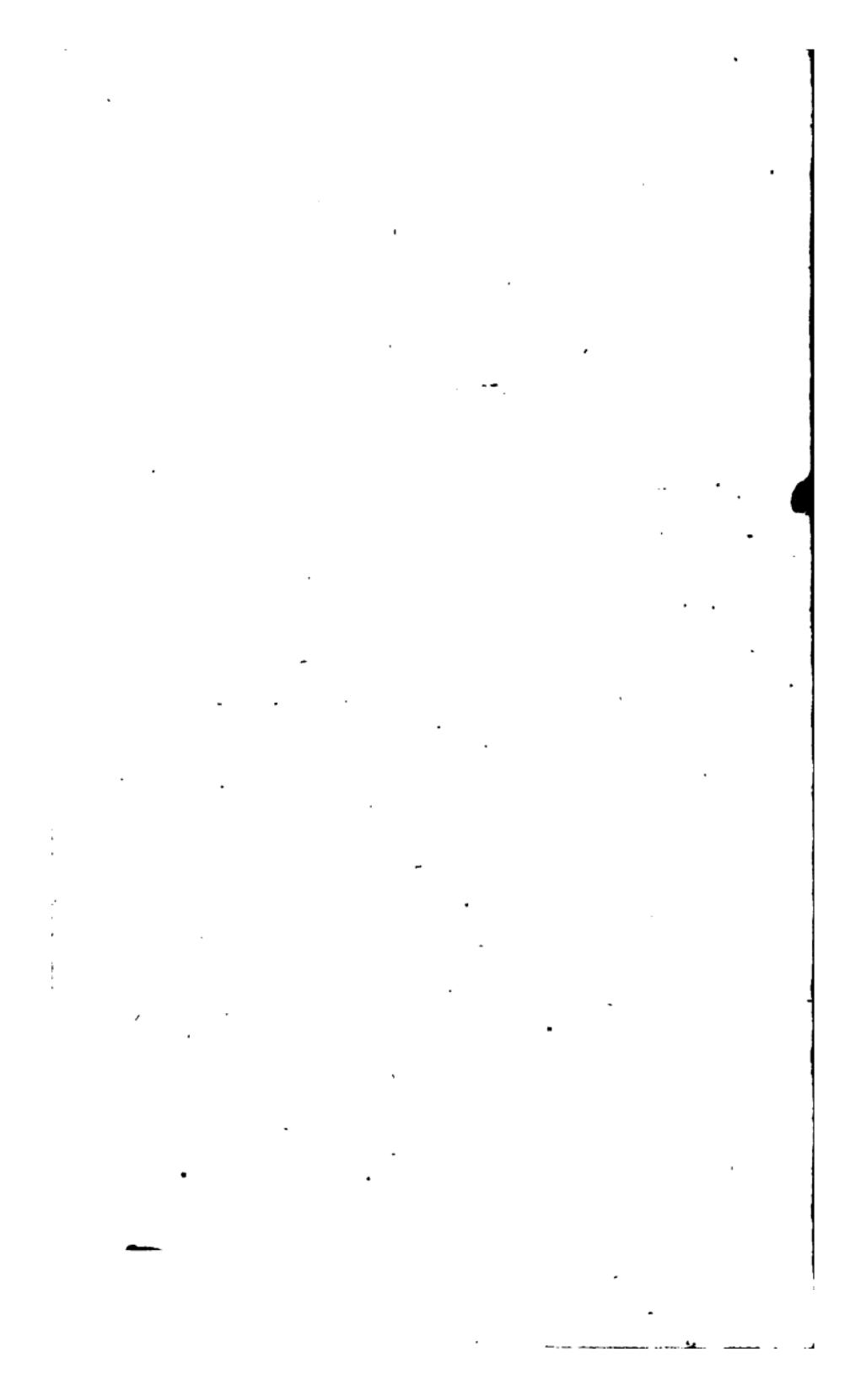
“ *There is nothing new under the sun.*”



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# ECCENTRIC TALES.

---

## FATHER FRANCIS AND SISTER BRIDGET.

---

Loud in the silent hour of night  
Saint Michael's bell was heard to toll ;  
The villagers, in wild affright,  
Forth from their sleepless pallets stole.

And some bethought them of misdeeds,  
Committed since last shriving day ;  
And some began to tell their beads,  
But all were too alarm'd to pray.

---

They crowd around, they ask the cause,  
But no one knows, no one can tell,  
Whilst each his own conclusion draws,  
For all had heard the solemn bell,

Where Superstition holds her reign,  
There Fear and Ignorance profound  
With motley fancies fire the brain,  
And widely spread the poison round

“ Sure 'tis a warning from above,  
Some dire calamity's at hand ;  
But once it toll'd, yet that may prove  
The knell of our devoted land.

“ Or else some soul from penal fires  
Of purgatory hither sped,  
Who by this awful act requires  
The death-pray'r to be duly said.

## SISTER BRIDGET.

---

7

“ This night redeem’d his pains shall cease,  
Of masses we’ll bestow a score,  
So shall his spirit rest in peace.  
And ne’er disturb the village more.

“ Come, to the abbey we’ll repair,  
Where Father Francis, holy wight,  
In strictest abstinence and pray’r,  
Alone devoutly spends the night.

“ If human virtues aught avail,  
His saint-like worth, his pious will,  
In supplications cannot fail  
To deprecate th’ impending ill.”—

With richest gifts to deck each shrine,  
Now forward press the fearful band ;  
For saints no ready ear incline  
To suiters with an empty hand.

---

Loud at the massy gate they knock,  
So strange a tale creates surprise ;  
The thronging monks around them flock,  
And wond'ring raise their hands and eyes.

With awful silence passing on,  
They reach the Father's sacred call ;  
Whither hath holy Francis gone ?  
Ah no one knows, no one can tell !

The prior gave the frequent sign,  
The rabble, with increas'd alarms,  
His pious adorations join,  
With bended neck and folded arms.

“ Mark the reward of faith !” he said ;  
“ Whilst o'er our heads dire ills await,  
Heaven hath his piety repaid,  
And snatch'd him hence ! O envied fate !

## SISTER BRIDGET.

---

9

“ O wond’rous miracle ! his fame  
Shall live to ages yet unborn ;  
The calender shall bear his name,  
His deeds our sacred walls adorn.

“ Whilst we for solemn rites prepare,  
Let some to Saint Ursula’s go,  
And there invoke the virgin pray’r  
Of Sister Bridget, pure as snow.

“ Let some unto the convent haste,  
For, haply, in this hour of need,  
The orisons of one so chaste  
May with Our Lady intercede.

“ Or should it be some brother’s shade,  
Who died in sin, this warning gave,  
The death-pray’r shall be duly said,  
And twenty masses shall he have.” —

---

With speed they seek the virtuous nun,  
And loud they ring the convent bell ;  
But where hath Sister Bridget gone ?  
Ah no one knows, ne one can tell.

In vain they search, in vain they call,  
The abbess and the nuns are 'mazed ;  
A sudden fear pervades them all,  
All wildly on each other gazed.

“Sure Bridget hath become a saint !”  
The pious sisterhood declare ;  
“A life of such severe restraint  
Might well be Heaven's peculiar care.

“Long may we emulate her worth,  
Long in her footsteps may we tread,  
And, o'er the habitable earth,  
The wond'rous miracle be spreád !”

The monks and nuns, a gallant sight,  
Now to Saint Michael's paced along,  
And carried many a taper bright,  
And chanted many a holy song.

And many a reliek did they bear,  
Whose potent virtues oft were told ;  
And images of saints most rare,  
That long had passed for purest gold.\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\* Soon after the commencement of the Revolution in France, the religious houses, of every description, were stript of their valuables to support the republican government, when, in numberless instances, it was discovered that the images of saints, martyrs, founders, &c. which had the repute of being solid gold or silver, were only washed or plated, and had no doubt been substituted by the religious themselves for the originals, which they found were much more beneficial to their several institutions when melted down, than by being prayed to.

---

And now the group had reach'd the church,  
Each mind with fervent zeal imprest,  
When lo ! beneath the gothic porch,  
A sight with fear invades each breast.

Distinguish'd by the taper's light,  
Two Forms approach'd the pious show—  
'Twas Father Francis, holy wight !  
With Sister Bridget, pure as snow !

To paint this scene description fails,  
Confusion fill'd the sacred dome,  
Some listen'd, some invented tales,  
Some shook their heads and hurried home.

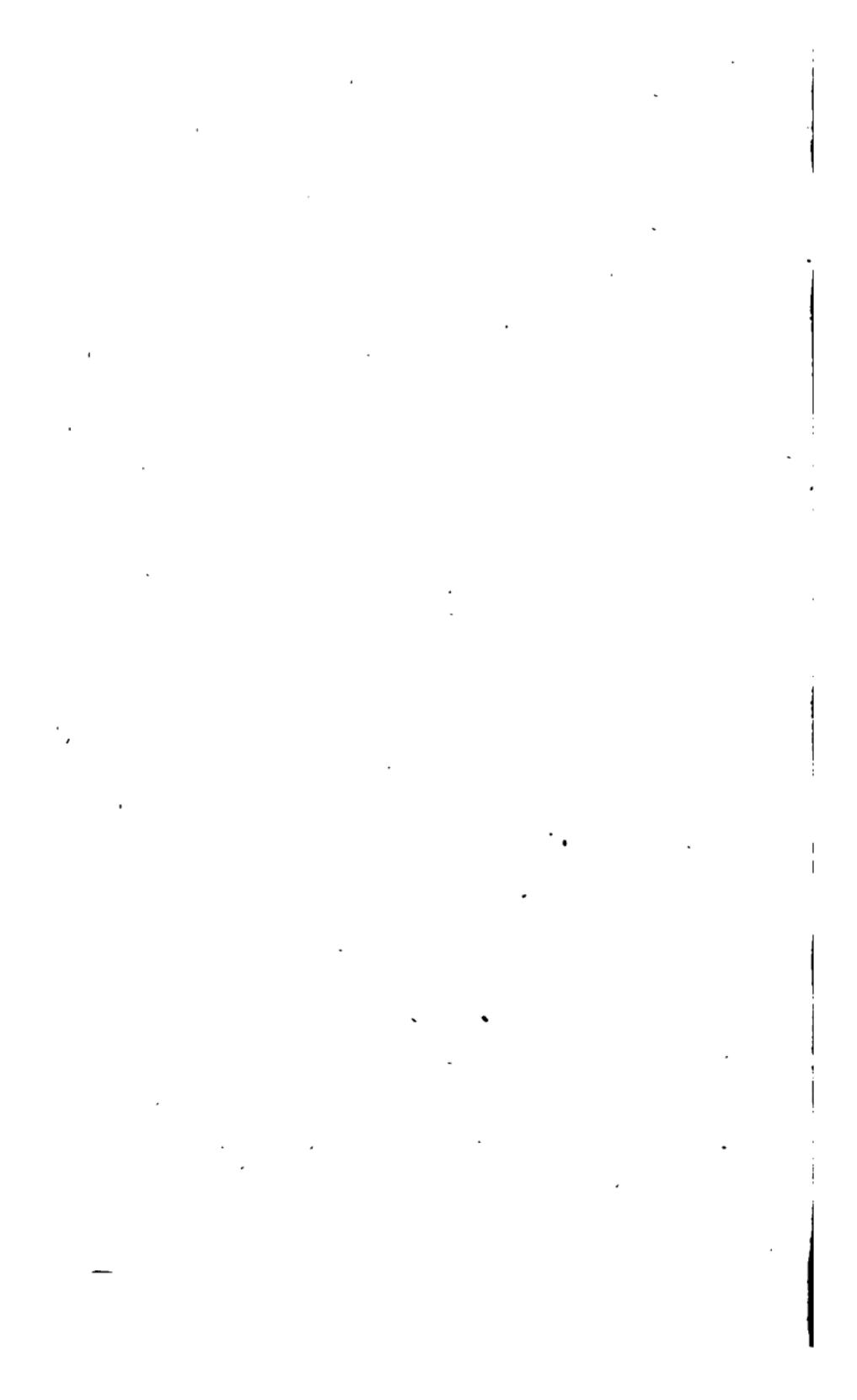
The meaning of the awful bell,  
Impending ill or wrestless ghost,  
Ah no one knows, no one can tell,  
All is in wild conjecture lost.

The monks declare, the pious pair  
Had heard the bell, and, roused from sleep,  
Thither had gone, in solemn pray'r,  
To *lay* the spirit in the *deep*.

Some said they wicked courses ran,  
But surely it could not be so,  
For Francis was a holy man !  
And Bridget was as pure as snow !

Yet after-times the fact disclosed ;  
A novice in the abbey read  
These lines the sainted monk composed,  
And wide the admonition spread :

“ Ye monks and nuns, throughout the land,  
Who go to church at night in pairs,  
Never take bell-ropes in your hand  
To raise you up again from *pray'rs*.”



THE

## MONK OF CAMBRAV.

---

THE Monk of Cambray was a wonderful man,  
He turn'd his face to the nor'ward,  
And saying a pray'r, with 'Amen' he began,  
Reading backward instead of forward ;  
And mutter'd a spell,  
So potent and fell,  
Earth shook to its very foundation,  
The sky turn'd black,  
And the sun drew back,  
At the horrible incantation.

---

Loud thunder peal'd, yet unmoved he stood,  
Nor felt a spark of repentance,  
But drew from his arm the boiling blood,  
And scribbled a damning sentence ;  
Then onward he read,  
Without any dread,  
In his sins growing bolder and bolder,  
Till he finish'd the pray'r,  
And then was aware  
That the Devil look'd over his shoulder.

“Take this bond,” he cried, “see the blood's still  
‘Twas written without perturbation, [warm,  
Three things at my bidding shalt thou perform,  
Then enforce the obligation.”  
“The request is thine,  
And the bond is mine,  
Ask and have, name thy will, I obey.”  
Thus Satan spoke,  
As the bond he took,  
And instantly vanish'd away.

This Monk of Cambray was a poor starved elf,  
And riches his order denied him,  
Yet no mortal on earth, nor ev'n Lucifer's self,  
For pride and ambition outvied him ;  
And his ends to gain,  
He studied a main,  
Dark volumes with purpose unshaken,  
Chain'd the fiends to his will,  
And exceeded the skill  
Of Agrippa, or old Roger Bacon.

Now long had his envious eye beheld  
The Lord Abbot's exalted station,  
Whose vassals, domains, pomp, and state far excell'd  
All laical computation.  
When his spells were brought  
To the pitch he sought,  
And his faith he had set at defiance,  
" Hail, Satan !" cried he,  
" The Lord Abbot I'll be,  
On my bond I demand thy compliance ! "

---

The wish scarce exprest, when, O wonderful change  
The Monk, to appearance external,  
Became the plump Abbot; nor was it less strange,  
Since wrought by his highness infernal,  
That the Abbot shrunk  
To the half-starved Monk,  
Whose surprise 'tis in vain to pourtray;  
The Monk he seem'd,  
And as such were deem'd  
The poor mad monk of Cambray.

'Twas in vain that he loudly asserted his right,  
He claim'd what his looks denied him;  
And by all he was called a poor frantic wight,  
Whilst some pity and some deride him.  
'Twas study they thought  
His distraction wrought,  
And the doctors each symptom examine;  
He was purged and bled,  
And sparingly fed,  
Till he look'd like the picture of famine.

Meanwhile the false abbot's luxurious state

Increased beyond all calculation ;

The revenue he held (though immensely great)

Was a trifle in his estimation.

He starved the poor,

Seized the rich man's store,

Committed all manner of evil,

And follow'd this course,

Without shame or remorse,

Reposing his trust in the Devil.

Now it happen'd his Holiness came to Cambray,

Having heard of the Abbot's exactions,

Determined to punish, without delay,

The wretch for his many infractions.

But this crafty man,

Aware of his plan,

Thus set all his foes at defiance,

“ Hail, Satan !” cried he,

“ The Pope I'll be,

On my bond I demand thy compliance !”

---

Sure the Romish church must thrive apace  
With a Pope of the Devil's invention,  
For just as he wish'd so the change took place,  
To his holiness past comprehension ;  
But what was most strange,  
By this second change,  
The Lord Abbot, who hopeless lay,  
His own shape redeem'd,  
And his Holiness seem'd  
The poor mad monk of Cambray.

Then down on his knee the Lord Abbot sunk,  
Crying, " Father, I crave thy forbearance,  
'Tis not I that have sinn'd but a wicked Monk,  
Whom the Devil gave my appearance ;  
And hardships sore,  
In his shape I bore,  
Whilst he such excesses repeated ;  
Some hellish compact  
Wrought the wond'rous act,  
By your holy presence defeated."

---

“You have shrewdly guess’d,” thought the seeming  
“But I’ll guard against detection;” [Pope,  
Then loudly exclaim’d, “He deserves a rope  
Who holds with the Devil connexion !  
Who his faith denies,  
The apostate dies,  
To the tree then bear him away.”  
Thus his Holiness came  
To a scene of shame,  
In the Shape of the Monk of Cambray.

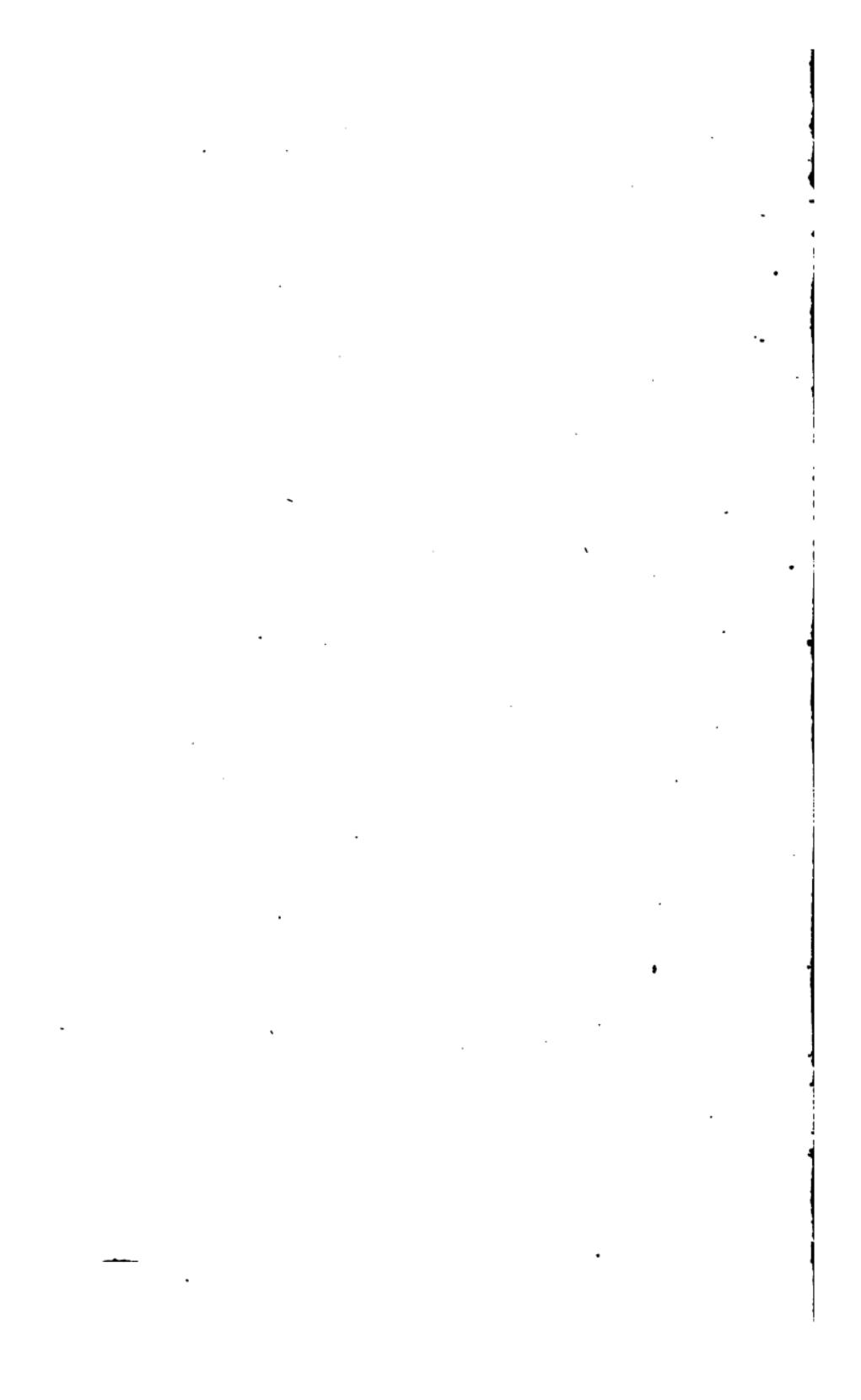
Two things were past, yet a third remain’d  
And now so well practised in evil,  
The summit of all his ambition attain’d,  
He bethought him to cheat the Devil.  
His spells again,  
In a bolder strain,  
He utter’d without dread or pause  
Till man’s sworn foe,  
From his realms below,  
Came and frowning demanded the cause.

---

“ What need of thy spells to conjure me now ?  
Have I not to thy will attended ? ”  
“ Well hast thou perform’d thy part I allow , ”  
Cried the Monk, “ but ‘tis not yet ended ;  
The third which I ask  
Is an easy task ,  
Though in cunning ‘twill prove I outvie thee ;  
‘Tis my bond I crave ,  
And my bond I’ll have ,  
Then Satan avaunt ! I defy thee . ”

He scowled at the Monk, not a word he spoke ,  
But threw down the bond and departed .  
Loud thunders peal’d, for the charm was broke  
As the Pope to the tree was carted ;  
Who, strange to tell ,  
When had ceased the spell ,  
Was restored to his former condition ;  
And the Monk in his stead ,  
To his fate was led ,  
And inwardly cursed his ambition .

And just as they tied up his crazy trunk,  
Cried the fiend, who appear'd to his view,  
"Thou art damn'd for thy sins, apostate Monk,  
So the Devil will have his due."  
Be warn'd then ye wights,  
Who study o'nights,  
Led by spells and enchantments astray ;  
Nor strive to out-trick  
The craft of Old Nick,  
But remember the Monk of Cambray.



THE  
THREE MINSTRELS;

OR,

SIR ROBERT AND FAIR HELENA.

---

SIR Robert was lord of a spacious domain,  
His coffers well furnished with gold ;  
But there was not a baron in all Touraine  
So very deformed and old.

His visage was yellow, his beard it was red,  
His eyes in their sockets were lost ;  
His back, like an upstart, peep'd over his head,  
And his knees most lovingly crost.

Such an object must surely, of all mankind,  
Be the first of the ugly class ; [mind,  
Yet his shape when compared with his crooked  
Might for an Adonis pass.

This piece of deformity never was meant  
To be laid by a maiden's side ;  
But the father of Helena gave consent,  
And he carried her home his bride.

Ah ! who was so sad as fair Helena then ?  
Or so proud as the old baron ?  
Since he was the ugliest of ugly men,  
She in beauty surpass'd by none.

A castle he had, which was lofty and strong,  
And near to a forest it lay ;  
Where seldom it happen'd, the whole day long,  
Any traveller pass'd that way.

There in solitude many an hour she spen,  
And many an hour she sigh'd ;  
For her heart was a stranger to joy or content,  
Since she had become a bride.

One day when the baron went forth to ride,  
As she sat lamenting her fate,  
Three minstrels, who travers'd the country wide,  
Arrived at the castle gate.

So sweetly they play'd, and so sweetly they sung,  
They enraptured the list'ning ear ; [young,  
For there was not their equal 'mongst old and  
To be met with far or near.

Their wonderful skill ev'ry bosom delights,  
Though nature so churlish had been,  
That three such mishapen decrepit wights  
Together were never seen.

---

O then was fair Helena heard to call,  
"Little Isabel haste, I pray,  
And welcome the minstrels into the hall,  
For there shall they sing and play ;  
I ween there's no harm can from thence befall,  
Since the baron is far away."

So sweetly they sung, and so sweetly they play'd,  
All sorrow aside she cast ;  
No thought of Sir Robert e'er enter'd her head,  
And the time went merrily past.

So sweetly they play'd, and so sweetly they sung,  
No thought of her lord had she ;  
When loudly the bell at the gate was rung,  
Which no other than him could be.

'Twas the baron ! ah ! what could fair Helena do ?  
So jealous his mind was grown ;

Although they were old, and mishapen too,  
No mercy would he have shown.

“Sweet minstrels,” she cried, “now for all our sakes  
Be guided by me I pray !”

Then into a chamber the three she takes,  
Where some empty coffers lay, [quakes,  
Each was lock’d up in one, whilst with fear she  
Lest the baron should come that way.

To his castle in anger Sir Robert had come,  
For something had vex’d him sore ;  
And he play’d the haughty tyrant at home,  
Two tedious hours and more.

Two tedious hours and more he spent  
In vexing his lovely bride,  
Whilst more for the minstrels, in durance pent,  
Than her own hard fate she sigh’d.

Her fears were for them, for his anger was great,  
And full glad was her heart, I ween,  
When she saw him go out at the castle gate,  
On others to vent his spleen.

Then swift through the hall tript this lady bright,  
And with haste to the chamber sped;  
The coffers unlock'd, when, O piteous sight !  
Each son of Apollo was dead.

Who so sweetly had play'd, and so sweetly sung,  
Unrivall'd throughout the land ;  
For ever was silent each musical tongue,  
And cold was each skilful hand.

Who had seen the fair dame must have thought her  
No pen can describe her grief; [mad,  
Awhile she was frantic, awhile she was sad,  
No prospect, no hope of relief.

No means to remove each dead corse away  
Could she form, whilst the day grew late;  
And each night in the coffers wherein they lay,  
The baron secured his plate.

But finding no aid from despondence or pray'r,  
For deaf was each holy saint,  
She stifled her terrors, and banish'd despair,  
And silenced was each complaint.

One clay-cold form from the chamber she brought;  
To carry without the gate;  
But her courage forsook her as soon as she thought  
She might meet her jealous mate.

At that moment, a traveller, bold and young,  
By chance came riding along;  
He seem'd without care, for he gayly sung,  
And his looks were as blithe as his song.

He took off his cap with a manly grace,  
And cried, "Lovely lady, I fear,  
By the tears which bedew that beauteous face,  
You have suffer'd some ill severe."

"It is not for me of exploits to vaunt,  
But I have a willing hand,  
And a heart which no enterprize can daunt,  
And they're both at your command."

"Kind stranger," said she, "as you hope to possess  
The smiles of the fair you love;  
Take pity of one in the deepest distress,  
And this lifeless form remove."

"For this day as witkin the hall he sung,  
When the baron had gone to ride,  
On a sudden death stopp'd his tuneful tongue,  
Alas! on a sudden he died!"

“ And, Oh! should Sir Robert return and see  
His lifeless body lie here;  
Full heavy on me would his anger be,  
And his jealous rage I fear.”

The minstrel he laid on his saddle bow,  
And gallop’d across the plain;  
In a neighbouring church-yard laid him low,  
Then quickly return’d again.

“ Alas! kind stranger!” fair Helena said,  
“ ’Tis some wicked imp I fear;  
Though swiftly from hence you his form convey’d,  
More swift he again came here.”

“ Sure enough it is so,” said the youth so brave,  
When the secotid poor wight he found;  
“ No wonder he did not remain in his grave,  
For I laid him in holy ground.

---

“But ne’er did I yet, ~~for~~ fame or pelf,  
Do an injury to mankind;  
So lady, though it should be Satan himself,  
This time he his match shall find.”

The minstrel he laid on his saddle bow,  
And gallop’d across the plain;  
In the neighbouring forest he laid him low,  
Then quickly return’d again.

Again he fair Helena found in tears,  
“O generous stranger!” she said,  
“This piece of deformity still appears,  
In vain is thy friendly aid.”

“Never trust me,” cries he, “but I’ll try once more;”  
Then he thrust him into a sack,  
And thus the third minstrel away he bore,  
Full merrily on his back.

A mile from the castle a convent stood,  
And thither with speed he rode;  
Where, unseen by the shaveling brotherhood,  
He unpack'd his ugly load.

And in silence he laid him beside the door,  
Then whisper'd, "Thou imp of hell,  
Never trouble yon beautiful lady more,  
Here fitter companions dwell.

"If thou'l register sins, an ample share  
Are committed beneath the mask;  
And the worldly pranks of those sons of pray'r,  
Will prove a sufficient task."

He spurr'd on his steed, and return'd again,  
When who should his eyes behold,  
To the castle fast striding across the plain,  
But the baron, deform'd and old.

“O you’re there, master Devil; i’faith you’ll find  
You have travell’d this time too slow.”

He said, and came up to Sir Robert behind,  
And gave him a deadly blow.

He was stunn’d and fell, and the youth with glee  
Thrust his crazy form in the sack;  
“’Tis a curious adventure enough,” cried he,  
As merrily he rode back.

The old wretch with the blow, in a senseless heap,  
Lay across his saddle bow, [deep,  
When he came to a bridge, where the stream was  
And rapid it ran below.

The mouth of the sack he securely tied,  
Then fasten’d a stone thereto,  
And where the river was deep and wide,  
The rich old baron he threw.

“ I warrant the sprite you no more have seen,”  
“ O no,” the fair dame did say ;  
“ And yet,” quoth the youth, “ it had nearly been,  
For I caught him on the way.

“ But deep in the stream is his final bed,  
Such pranks he’ll no longer run”—  
Fair Helena started, and wildly said,  
“ O stranger what have you done ?

“ The return of the minstrels I did but feign,  
There were three of the tuneful band,  
And, alas ! sir, you have my husband slain,  
The baron of all this land.”

“ If the baron I’ve kill’d,” the stranger replied,  
“ I cannot restore his life ;  
But a husband, dear lady, I could provide  
More fitting so fair a wife.”

Few words are required where both parties agree,  
Sable weeds she awhile put on ;  
And she shed a tear for the minstrels three,  
But none for the old baron.

The ground-work of this story will be found in the  
“Tales of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries,” a trans-  
lation from the French of M. Le Grand.

## THE PENANCE.

---

A FAIR disciple of our mother Eve,  
From virtue's path was once allured to stray,  
Where love would flow'ry garlands interweave,  
And nought but roses *seem'd* to strew the way.

It matters not, our story to unfold,  
Which first or last the tender wish reveal'd ;  
She lov'd a youth, the youth was nowise cold,  
And night, with friendly shades, their bliss  
conceal'd.

---

All stolen joys are of duration short ;  
The damsel felt a monitor within  
Each transport checkt ; and by experience taught,  
Found conscience was an enemy to sin.

A pious priest within the village dwelt,  
A holy man, respected far and near,  
One who in absolutions largely dealt,  
Nor was his penance ever known severe.

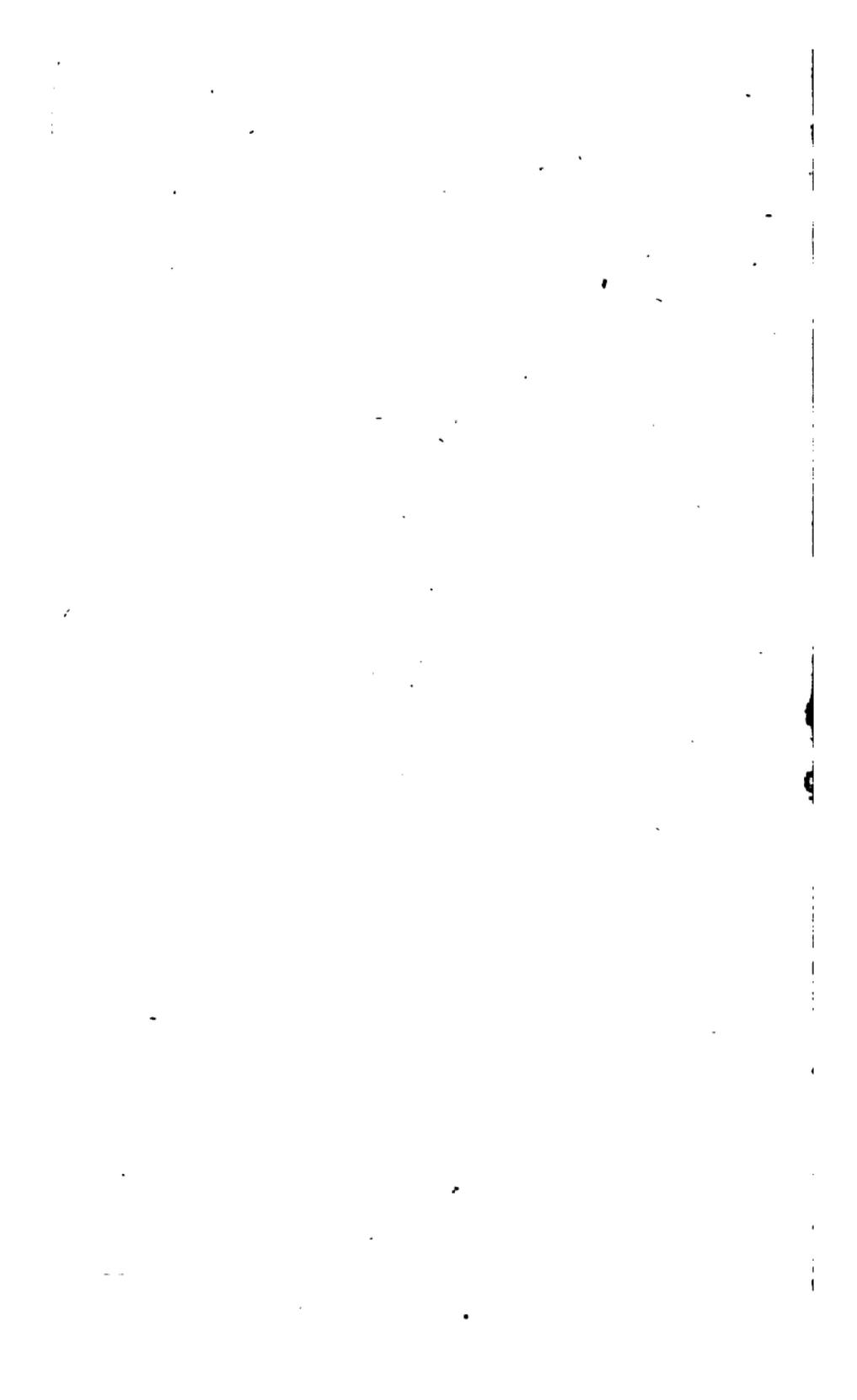
To him she went, a full confession made,  
How ev'ry night to his fond arms she stole,  
But now repentant craved the Father's aid,  
To wipe the spots from her offending soul.

“ Daughter, thy crime is great, and might involve  
Thy tender soul in everlasting pain ;  
Then mark me, child, if I thy sins absolve,  
Strictly observe the *penance* I ordain.

“ *Sev’n* nights each week hast thou thy lover met,  
I will not harshly say, ‘do so no more,’  
Aside for *him* thou only *three* shalt set,  
But, daughter, *I* must have the other *four.*”

**MORAL.**

Thus *Justice* oft, in *former* times,  
To share the *spoil* would wink at crimes.



## TOM SHUTTLE AND BLOUSALINDA.

### A DOLOROUS DITTY.

FOND youths and tender maidens all,  
Of country, town, or city ;  
Or chubby, slender, short, or tall,  
Brown, fair, or grave, or witty :

And graceless rakes, and wanton dames,  
Of high or low condition,  
Who revel in unlicenc'd flames,  
And scoff at admonition.

---

To this my hapless tale attend,  
In lofty rhimes emblazon'd ;  
Of one sad youth's untimely end,  
By one false maid occasion'd.

The urchin who, by hook or crook,  
Is ev'ry rank bewitching,  
His aim at a poor weaver took,  
And shot him from a kitchen.

From Blousalinda's piercing eye,  
The peace-destroying wizard,  
A dart, in dripping dipt, let fly,  
Which hit him in the gizzard.

Mechanics thus, replete with art,  
Take gimblet by the handle,  
And shrewdly grease the spiral part  
With end of tallow candle.

Tom Shuttle was his name, and he  
In Spitalfields resided ;  
But wand'ring far, for love of *she*,  
At Islington he die did.

A man so mild, so mute, so meek,  
Ere love his cranium muddled,  
That seldom more than once a week  
His neighbours saw him fuddled ;

Who ne'er was known to keep away  
From Meeting upon Sundays ;  
And rarely ever went astray,  
Excepting on Saint Mondays.

His dwelling was a loft, room,  
Bedeck'd with songs and battles ;  
A chair, a table, bed, and loom,  
Compris'd his goods and chattels.

And now he'd sing, and then he'd muse,  
As warp and west he'd mingle,  
Deep pondering in his mind to choose  
Or married life or single.

But from the moment he beheld  
The culinary maiden,  
Dainties and love his doubts dispell'd,  
And much of each he laid in.

O Blousalinda ! Damsel O !  
Of charms beyond expansion,  
Why didst thou e'er invite him to  
Thy stomach-soothing mansion ?

Why didst thou choicest bits provide,  
High-season'd and provoking ;  
And roast, and boil'd, and stew'd and fried,  
All savoury and sm~~oking~~king ?

Ah! why didst thou unpin thy gown,  
Thy bounteous form exposing,  
And then beside him sit thee down,  
Forbidden sights disclosing?

Say, didst thou find his lawful love  
Too cold for thy desires,  
And hope some other swain might prove  
Hot as the kitchen fires?

Or didst thou think his grosser mind  
Devoid of am'rous wishes,  
Thy glowing charms, fond maid, declin'd  
For fragments of made dishes?

The larder's stores would rather see,  
Than all that man e'er toasted;  
And even to enjoying thee  
Preferr'd the *mutton* roasted?

---

As pure as e'er La Mancha's knight  
Loved maiden of Toboso ;  
So pure he loved thee, damsel bright,  
Though thou didst not suppose so.

O cruel then to shut the door,  
And banish him for ever ;  
To tell him ne'er to see thee more,  
Ah never, *no not never.*\*

---

\* This line I have inserted as a compliment to a certain great personage, it coming as near to his *beautiful* expression of "no not none, never no more," as the limits of the rhyme would admit of. I am, however, afraid that the generality of my readers will not readily acquiesce in the beauty of the composition, from being unacquainted with the great personage alluded to, and even those who are, will ground their objections on having been completely surfeited with the original.

From Spitalfields to Islington  
Right joyful of *he* journied ;  
And though so late as twelve or one,  
As joyful *he* returned.

Forbidden, still at close of day,  
He'd go, although 'twas fruitless ;  
Sad youth ! *he* wore his *shoes* away  
In journies that were *bootless*.

Regardless of the damps of night,  
Where dwelt his Blousalinda,  
He'd watch until the taper bright  
Illumed her chamber window.

And then *he*'d call the maid by name,  
With every sweet addition ;  
And paint his peace-consuming flame,  
And gentle disposition.

---

O Blousalinda ! maiden-dear !”  
And such soft words he’d utter,  
“ Thy faithful Thomas Shuttle hear,  
Now standing in the gutter.

“ Sweet, cruel beauty ! bright as stars !  
O list to thy well-wisher !  
Or I’ll away to deadly wars,  
And *list* in the militia !”

But, ah ! his vows and threats were vain ;  
To all his sobs and sighing  
Her ears were deaf, or with disdain  
She heard, and scorn’d replying.

But when the taper ceased to burn,  
Most bitter was his sorrow ;  
Dejected homeward he would turn,  
And weep until the morrow.

When love, who doth all hearts trepan,  
Hath caught us in his springes,  
He quite subdues the active man,  
And knocks us off the hinges.

For now neglecting web and loom,  
His time he sadly wasted ;  
No charms possess'd his lofty room,  
With songs and battles pasted.

There, thrown aside, the warp and weft  
Was all besnarled and ravell'd ;  
His mind's sad type, when home he left,  
Not caring where he travell'd.

And many a mile he wander'd round,  
With sorrow almost choking ;  
And sometimes in a pot-house found  
A short relief in smoaking.

---

One day, alas ! did he full soon  
Forsake his work and victuals ;  
And careless all the afternoon  
Drank ale and play'd at skittles.

But love so much his wits had crost,  
His mind perplex'd and puzzled,  
That many were the games he lost,  
And much the ale he guzzled.

Then as he lost he fractious grew,  
And swore his mates were cheating ;  
And thrice he for the fight withdrew,  
And thrice he got a beating.

And then for all the world like one  
Whose brains were on a ramble,  
With speed he hied to Islington,  
O'er brickfield, ditch, and bramble.

The paths were bad, the night was dark,  
The rain in torrents pouring ;  
The watchful curs aloud did bark,  
The watch aloud were—snoring.

The lamps had shed their last faint ray,  
Their food soon doom'd to fail 'em ;\*  
But lovers never lose their way,  
And robbers ne'er assail 'em.

.....

\* This public grievance, a few years back, became so notorious, that the Contractors for Lighting, &c. were obliged, under a severe penalty, to send a man through their different districts, at midnight, to re-trim the lamps, and add a fresh portion of oil wherever the flame had exhausted the first supply ; but, alas ! the remedy proved worse than the disease, for the fellows employed for that purpose, far from relieving the wants of each expiring luminary, actually pilfered from every one that had the least quantity of oil remaining.

Though hapless slips he often made,  
Where mud in pools collected,  
Yet never was the heart dismay'd  
That love and ale protected.

And now he sees the taper bright,  
And well-known chamber window,  
Where, shelter'd from the stormy night,  
Dwelt cruel Blousalinda.

And near the lattice stood the maid,  
His anxious optics blessing ;  
Her flowing garments loosely play'd,  
In act she seem'd undressing.

Her 'kerchief thrown aside, disclosed  
To wanton eyes and breezes,  
Those charms by modesty exposed  
To none—but whom she pleases.

And on her face a smile she wore,  
Like one with joy transported ;  
Such had he often seen before,  
When happily he courted.

Such and so beam'd each sparkling eye,  
When first he came a wooing ;  
Such glances threw the fatal die  
That caused Tom Shuttle's ruin.

“ O thou whose eyes outshine each star,  
Whose cheeks outglow Aurora,  
Come down,” he cried, “ the door unbar,  
And let in thy adorer !

“ For I have travell'd far to night,  
O'er fields and ditches dreary ;  
Compassionate my wretched plight,  
All wet and dry and weary.

“O place me near some cheering blaze,  
If not for love, for pity,  
And still shall Shuttle sing thy praise,  
Though doleful be his ditty.

“The moon shall never be allow'd  
So fair as Blousalinda.”—  
The moon was hid behind a cloud,  
And she went from the window.

Fond youths and maids, to you I sing,  
Who, crost in love's sad passion,  
Have often done a foolish thing,  
And sometimes too a rash one.

Tom Shuttle's lamentable fate,  
When you have heard or read it,  
Must in your kindred breasts create  
Its full extent of credit.

And gentle swains, and damsels fair,  
Not by experience taught it,  
Who've heard of such a thing as care,  
But haply never bought it.

If you believ'd the tale you've read,  
Erst told of times romantic,  
How for Albracca's peerless maid  
The Paladin grew frantic;

And in his madness roam'd about,  
Outrageous feats committing ;  
Then shall our hero's deeds, no doubt,  
From falsehood bear acquitting.

And tell me, O instructive muse !  
O tell me, I implore ye,  
Did love or ale at first infuse  
In Tommy's upper story,

---

The thought transcendantly sublime,  
Orlando's feats excelling,  
Maugre the pelting storm to climb  
The maiden's lofty dwelling.

Love first the mighty thought conceiv'd,  
And potent liquor arm'd him ;  
So man, when drunk, hath oft achiev'd  
What sober hath alarm'd him.

Fast pour'd the rain, no cheering gleamis  
The daring youth befriended ;  
The channel'd roof bestow'd its streams,  
As silent he ascended.

Yet nought dismay'd, the clamb'ring wight  
Soon mounted to the casement,  
But there, alas ! beheld a sight  
That fill'd him with amazement.

Scarce would his eyes the fact believe,  
Although as plain as cou'd be ;  
So apt are lovers to perceive  
Things only as they shou'd be.

There Blousalinda, full of joy,  
Confess'd by am'rous titters,  
Was sitting with the butcher's boy,  
Drinking of gin and bitters.

His wanton arm about her waist  
No coy resistance meeting ;  
Whilst she the greasy youth embrac'd,  
His looks of love repeating.

With one rude dash each fragile pane  
Is broken into shivers,  
And staring wild, in doleful strain,  
His thoughts he thus delivers :

“ Ah ! is it thus, ungrateful fair,  
My tender love’s requited ;  
Have then my passion and despair  
A rival’s ear delighted ?

“ Have I for this so often come  
O’er brickfields, ditches, brambles,  
And often, when lock’d out from home,  
Laid down on bulks and shambles !

“ With nought but love to keep me warm,  
By clothes not overloaded ;  
Nor would thy gentle heart alarm,  
By telling thee I so did.

“ Alas ! for thee my web and loom  
In sadness I’ve forsaken,  
And, bow’d beneath thy cruel doom,  
To idle ways have taken.

---

“ And canst thou all thy vows forget,  
O heart than marble harder !  
Vows oft repeated when we met  
So happy—in the larder ?

“ No one could hold thy charms so dear,  
No one could love thee stronger ;  
O perjured maid ! though much I fear  
Thou art a maid no longer.

“ That scornful smile I cannot bear,  
And since thy feelings such are,  
I will not live to nurse despair,  
But leave thee—to the butcher.

“ Hard-hearted maid behold my wreck,  
Then pity him you hated.”—  
He said, he fell, and, ah ! his neck  
Completely dislocated.

---

The jury found it lunacy,  
By reason shrewd and wary ;  
*Felo de se* it could not be,  
He—*fell into the area.*

MORAL.

Ye lovers all, warn'd by my rhyme,  
Unless you really mad are,  
Never to lofty windows climb,  
Without you have a ladder.

THE  
FRIARS, THE MERCHANT,  
AND THE  
MERCHANT'S WIFE.

---

IN southern climes, where ev'ry passing gale  
Engenders wanton loves and loose desires,  
An abbey stood, within whose sacred pale  
There dwelt a score of learn'd and holy Friars.

On pious works they fix'd their whole regard,  
Such works as claim a passport for the soul;  
No vagrant passion their devotion marr'd,  
No worldly thought upon their vigils stole.

Not ev'n the maid, with rosy dimpled cheek,  
Her bosom panting, snowy-white, and bare,  
With piercing eye, whose glances more than speak,  
To love could melt these stubborn sons of pray'r.

This may seem dealing in romance, I own,  
To make a score of friars, young and hale,  
All to the charms of woman callous grown,  
When at her smiles ev'n tott'ring age is frail.

‘ Mayhap their founder continence ordain'd,  
And they (since vows a strict observance claim)  
By roots and herbs concupiscence restrain'd,  
Chill'd the hot blood, and all benumb'd the frame.’

No, madam no, 'twas not their founder's laws,  
But since nor Pope nor Inquisition's nigh us,  
Lend but an ear, and I'll unfold the cause  
That made these monks so very, very pious.

Within the city where this abbey stood,  
A merchant dwelt, for honest dealings famed,  
Of trade extensive, and of credit good,  
And Master Francis he was quaintly named.

To threescore years he liv'd a single life,  
Rich and respected by his friends around,  
Then, when his beard was grey, betook a wife,  
Which proved his wisdom not the most profound.

A blooming damsel, who has scarcely past  
Her twentieth summer, pair'd with sixty years,  
(So different nature hath their feelings cast)  
'Must, ere 'tis long, occasion jealous fears.

Suppose, ma'am, your maid Molly, or man John,  
For whom as mistress, you should meals provide,  
And you, for want of means, procure them none,  
Yet they appear completely satisfied;

Without much ruminating on the case,  
Would it not fairly enter in your head,  
For John or Molly's smooth contented face,  
They were by charitable neighbours fed ?

Such thoughts soon occupied our Merchant's brain,  
For madam suddenly grew so devout,  
So very partial to the monkish train,  
It put the matter far beyond a doubt.

A youthful bride, with natural desires,  
Her aged husband, dry as any lath;  
At hand a score of young and lusty Friars,  
Could scarce refrain from quitting virtue's path.

As constant as the day return'd, there came  
Some one or other of these pamper'd sinners,  
To pay a visit to the pious dame,  
To join in pray'r, and eat the good man's dinners.

Seldom, indeed, his presence grac'd the treat,  
And very seldom was his presence wanted ;  
In short, they drank his wine, and eat his meat,  
And other favors, you may guess, were granted.

Now Master Francis was not quite so blind,  
But could perceive the conduct of his spouse ;  
Too late he found her wantonly inclined,  
And shrewdly fancied she had deck'd his brows.

To trumpet forth his own disgrace and shame,  
Would be a folly age should ne'er commit,  
And yet to let her carry on the game,  
Would be a folly for his years unfit.

At night, whilst lying by his deary's *side*,  
A cold position, which he seldom varied,  
One nowise suited to a buxom bride,  
Say ye not so, ye dames but newly married ?

He broach'd the matter but with little form,  
Inveighing roundly 'gainst each sinful act,  
Adul'try! Broken faith ; and, growing warm,  
At once accused her of the very fact.

Then check'd his anger, and with coolness said,  
" I'm not disposed to treat thy faults severe;  
For errors past 'tis useless to upbraid,  
When 'gainst the future we should interfere.

" Let us in peace and reputation live,  
Virtue, for past offences, may atone ;  
Thy crime, the crime of youth, I here forgive,  
On these conditions, but on these alone :

" No Monk, in future, shall my threshold pass,  
To seal thy infamy and my disgrace,  
Nor shalt thou, to confession or to mass,  
Within their abbey ever show thy face."

The dame, well pleased to find the lecture end,  
Trusting for future pleasures to her wit,  
And knowing it was folly to contend,  
Promised, since he forgave her, to submit.

He had an oddish stubborn kind of way,  
Which served to keep his family in awe :  
Whate'er, in house affairs, he chose to say,  
Was irrevocably set down as law.

This goodly reformation soon began,  
The master's orders were as fixt as fate;  
The Monks, as usual, came, but not a man  
Could gain admittance past the outer gate.

‘ You must be wrong, my friend,’ the first one cried :  
‘ Tell your good lady ‘tis her holy brother.’  
‘ I know my place,’ the servant blunt replied,  
‘ So sha’n’t admit nor you nor any other.’

Whate'er the Friar from this visit sought  
But little matters, yet 'tis pretty clear  
Such a salute ne'er enter'd in his thought,  
A stroke as unexpected as severe.

To all alike the negative was given,  
By which old Francis made them understand,  
Though, by their *kindness*, qualified for Heaven,  
He did not thank them for the helping hand.

So far so good ; but then was this enough ?  
Were Friars of so tractable a cast ?—  
Not one would tamely pocket the rebuff,  
But all resolved the triumph should not last.

What ! let the pious dame remain immured,  
No ghostly comfort to dispel her qualms ?  
No ! never be such foul disgrace endured,  
From one old man 'gainst twenty monks in arms !

---

Ill can that town a vigorous seige withstand,  
With such an hostile army in the field ;  
Its covert-way and out-works badly mann'd  
And ev'n the citadel disposed to yield.

But love gains more by stratagem than force,  
'Tis not the strong who bear the palm away ;  
Tho' with such odds the place would fall of course,  
Yet now 'tis art alone must win the day.

So little else that could divert the mind,  
Short time elasped ere one a scheme invents ;  
The rest approve, and madam well inclined,  
To play her part most readily consents.

For though old Francis, by his plan, no doubt,  
Prevented repetitions of the sin ;  
Yet could he not prevent the Monks without,  
From corresponding with the dame within.

One eve our Merchant, sitting with his dear,  
Whilst she, kind soul, some fav'rite ditty sung,  
Or stroked his beard, or fondly smiled to hear  
Him tell what wonders he perform'd when young;

Whilst the rich bumper warm'd his aged heart,  
And shewell pleased, the am'rous toast wou'd jjoin,  
She mark'd her time, with secret, dext'rous art,  
And mix'd a potent liquid with his wine.

Th' effect was sudden, o'er his wither'd frame,  
Through ev'ry vein a lifeless torpor spread;  
Around his friends, relations, neighbours came,  
And all (save those concern'd) believed him dead.

Mankind is mortal, nature must decay,  
And age steals fast adown the hill of life;  
So reason friends, but what can reason say,  
To check the sorrows of his widow'd wife?

---

She, hapless fair, a prey to frantic grief,  
Each eye bedimm'd, each lovely cheek bedew'd,  
Shut in her closet, sought from tears relief,  
Where none but lovely Friars dare intrude.

And scarce could they her heaving bosom calm,  
Though each with speed his utmost aid bestow'd,  
Though each successive pour'd his healing balm,  
And probed the wound from whence her sorrows  
flow'd.

Leave we the dame, who mimick'd grief so well,  
That all(though manywonder'd) much approv'd,  
Whilst we relate what to her spouse befel,  
Whose body to the abbey was remov'd.

This had been done 'gainst curious eyes to guard,  
Who might have thought (as certes was the case)  
He only slept, and thus, the project marr'd,  
Had ended in the schemer's own disgrace.

Bound in a cell, contrived with nicest art,  
With all that might astonish or surprize,  
(The Monks at hand prepared to play their part).  
Old Francis oped his scarce believing eyes.

Here flames uprose, and clouds of stinking smoke,  
There shades seem'd flitting rapid from the sight,  
Now silence reign'd, then soon by murmurs broke,  
And dismal groans, and shrieks of wild  
affright.

In fact, 'twas soon imprest upon his mind,  
That dying unabsoled of human guilt,  
His soul was now in *Purgat'ry* confined,  
A sort of halfway-house, by Papists built.

“Thou wicked man!” a hollow voice exclaim'd,  
“Who didst thy wife's all-pious will control,  
And shut thy doors 'gainst Monks for virtue fam'd,  
What fires can purify thy sinful soul?

“Know, ere thou’rt from this painful spot redeem’d,  
Each ling’ring torment shall perform its course.”

With that some devils (for no less they seem’d)  
Began to put the horrid threat in force.

Now whether Master Francis thought his life,  
For pious works, had not been over good,  
And knowing the late squabble with his wife,  
Left him no friend among the brotherhood;

Or whether he began to smell a rat,  
From certain earthly matters finding vent,  
Is not quite clear, but, whether this or that,  
He deem’d it very prudent to repent.

And not in thought alone, with open voice,  
Of all his frailties made a full confession;  
Approv’d the virtue of his wedded choice,  
And call’d his late reform a vile transgression.

This was their only aim, and this attain'd,  
That instant all the seeming vision fled;  
Darkness profound, and solemn silence reign'd,  
Such as became the mansion of the dead.

Whilst in this strange uncouth suspense he lay,  
A sound most grateful to his ears arose,  
He heard the pious Monks distinctly pray,  
And chant loud requiems for his soul's repose.

With the best effort of his feeble lungs,  
At once he broke upon their holy strain—  
“A miracle!” repeated twenty tongues,  
“A miracle! Good Francis lives again!”

Here was a triumph for the Monkish pow'rs,  
The conscious fact their sainted worth declares,  
Old Francis dead for four-and-twenty hours,  
To life recall'd by their united pray'rs!

---

Well then, our Merchant once again we find,  
To wealth and friends, and his dear spouse re-  
All former prohibitions are declined, [stored;  
And the cowl'd poachers share his well-spread  
board.

Yet was his mind but very ill at rest,  
His former notions multiplied apace,  
The lusty crew their am'rous partner prest,  
And must he tamely suffer the disgrace?

No! he's determin'd to preserve his right,  
But who can tell him an effectual way?  
True, he might wear Hans Carvel's ring\* by night,  
But what shall guard the tenement by day?

To shut the door against the holy Friars,  
Men who so late, to all the city known,

---

\* See Poggius, Rabelais, or Matthew Prior.

By pray'rs had snatch'd him from tormenting fires,  
Had been ingratitude most basely shewn.

Firmly resolv'd, howe'er, to make th' attempt,  
He form'd a project with much secret care;  
'Twas one of which the Monks but little dreamt,  
And one he thought would fit them to a hair.

Two brawny lads old Master Francis kept,  
Fellows who'd sing you any thing but hymns,  
Contented souls, who work'd, eat, drank, and slept,  
And were as trusty as the Duke of Limbs.\*

These, with a third, a wight of potent skill,  
Compris'd the junto to effect the plan;  
All vow'd obedience to the mover's will,  
And all detested Friars to a man.

---

\* See "Broad Grins," by Geo. Colman, Esq

---

One day (a thing which seldom happ'd before)  
Our Merchant went not or to 'change or mart,  
The Monks arrived, ate, drank, but nothing more,  
Nor could they ev'n a wanton wish impart.

To madam's skirts he stuck so very close,  
Nor sign nor whisper could a thought convey ;  
The cloth withdrawn, each took a plenteous dose,  
Wish'd his kind donor health, then stalk'd away.

But scarce t'his cell return'd each seeming saint,  
When, lo ! a gentle message greets his ear,  
Regretting much that day's severe restraint,  
But now an ample recompense is near.

That night must Francis seek a distant friend,  
The cause admitting not the least delay,  
Nor can return till morn, and *he* must lend  
*His* pious aid whilst her good man's away.

To each the welcome summons was convey'd,  
Each glibly swallow'd the fallacious bait ;  
The varied time each punctually obey'd,  
Nor was he kept a moment at the gate.

Brief let me be, in lieu of fond delight,  
And rapt'rous transports, that can never pall,  
'Twas anguish keen, for, on that fatal night,  
The junto fairly CAPONIZED them all.

This, madam, was the cause, nor dimpled cheek,  
Nor panting bosom, snowy-white and bare,  
Nor piercing eye, whose glances more than speak,  
To love could melt these stubborn sons of pray'r.

Shame tied their tongues, and, wean'd from loose  
desires,  
On pious works they fix'd their whole regard ;  
No worldly thought disturb'd these holy Friars,  
No vagrant passion their devotion marr'd.

**MORAL.**

Never let man, whose beard was grey,  
Wed woman young and fair ;  
And Monks who lead such brides astray,  
Of husbands' wrath beware.



## **SAINT MARTIN AND THE DEVIL.**

---

**THE** folks in the church had assembled to pray'r,  
And holy Saint Martin was kneeling there,  
And very devout he appear'd awhile,  
Then all at once was observ'd to smile.

**His** face, which was ever so pious to view,  
The longer he pray'd the more risible grew ;  
And before they had finish'd the holy rite,  
He laugh'd in the church with all his might.

So apt each unsanctified look to revile,  
O what could occasion Saint Martin to smile ?  
A pattern for all the sincerely devout,  
O what could Saint Martin be laughing about ?

“ Yon two of the gossiping sisterhood,  
Were prating away as fast as they could,  
When I saw the Devil, just over head,  
Was taking down every word they said.

“ He’d a parchment roll, of a moderate size,  
And down in short-hand he scribbled their lies,  
Yet for want of room was strangely perplext,  
And I smiled to think the Devil was vext.

“ In a rage he fasten’d his teeth therein,  
And, stretching it, gave a horrible grin,  
But finding, at last, it was much too small,  
Knock’d his head, in a passion, against the wall.

“ And I could not help *laughing*, altho’ at mass,  
To think the Devil should be such an ass,  
To expect to write down, on a roll or a skin,  
The prate of two gossips when once they begin.”

Though this vision was seen by Saint Martin alone,  
The words of the Saint could be doubted by none ;  
By an artist, on canvas, the story was told,  
And 'twas written beneath all in letters of gold.

Then, for vexing the Devil, the sisterhood  
Got a licence to prattle as much as they could ;  
A charter they hold, for, to this very day,  
The gossips, at church, talk more than they pray.

---

Peter Grosnet, in his collection of Cato’s Golden Sayings, and other Moral Sentences, relates this story in the following terms :

Two gossips prating in a church,  
The Dev’l, who stood upon the lurch,

---

In short-hand, on a parchment roll,  
Writ down their words, and when the scroll  
Could hold no more, (it was so full)  
His Devilship began to pull,  
And stretch it with his teeth, which failing,  
He knock'd his head against the railing;  
St. Martin laugh'd, tho' then at mass,  
To see the Devil such an ass,  
To think a parchment-roll, or even a skin,  
Could hold two women's chat when they begin.

The people taking notice of Saint Martin's laughing, asked him, after mass, the reason of it: then the Saint revealed his vision, and so we came to know this *true* story. The tales of Eutrapel touch upon it *en passant*; nay, it was seen, in 1768, represented at Brest, in the church of La Recouvrance, in a picture, containing, likewise, a recital of the history, both in French and Bas-breton.

N. B. There is, at St. Omer, in the church of Saint Bertin, a very fine and large piece of painting, in a frame,

the figures as big as the life, of much such another story of Saint Anthony, which the translator and compiler of these notes, not long ago, saw there, to his great edification, and his no less satisfaction.

OZELL's *Trans. of M. Du Chat's Notes to Rabelais,*  
Book 1, Chap. 6.



## THE CHASE.

---

O'ER hill and dale, with hound and horn,  
The huntsman, on his courser borne,  
Light as the air, fleet as the wind,  
Leaves ev'ry worldly care behind.

Go, ask the rosy band, who join,  
Elated, round the huge sirloin,  
Who pledge in bumpers, deep and strong,  
Whilst hearty welcomes greet the throng;

Ask why on ev'ry face is spread,  
The glowing tints of honest red ;  
Why health should thus each feature grace,  
Each shall exclaim, "Tis from the Chase."

The trophies round the table hung,  
The jovial chorus loudly sung ;  
Oft as the spacious bowl they drain,  
Revives the morning sports again.

And yet the joys that fire his breast,  
Are not alone by men possest ;  
The noble steed, his rider thrown,  
Follows and makes the sports his own.

The hound, by nature taught to trace  
By scent or sight, pursues the chase ;  
On him rely the eager throng,  
Then let his prowess claim the song.

At Whitfield Park a famous deer  
Long reign'd unmatch'd for swift career ;  
Light as air, fleet as the wind,  
Man, horse, and hound, he left behind.

Till one who now had long beheld  
The stoutest of the pack excell'd,  
Forth from the kennel's limits sprung,  
And sought him from the herd among.

All meaner game he scorn'd to start,  
And singled out the peerless hart ;  
Scarce seem'd their feet to press the ground,  
As o'er the well-known lawn they bound.

The hart by conscious speed inspired,  
The hound by emulation fired,  
They leap the pales ; a boundless space  
Gives ample freedom to the chase.

Nor thronging pack, nor stanch compeer,  
Nor huntsman's animating cheer,  
Nor mellow horn, nor high-bred steed,  
Urged the bold hound's persistive speed.

O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,  
Through trackless waste and fertile glen,  
'Though crags and torrents 'fore them lay,  
Nor crag nor torrent check'd their way.

And now, where British realms unite,  
(The scene of many a ruthless fight,  
Where border-chieftains erst have strove,  
Renown'd for chivalry and love),

They swiftly pass, and, onward still,  
Trace moor and fen, and holt and hill ;  
Oft in the cooling stream they lave,  
Then start, recruited, from the wave.

From Whitfield Park to Red Kirk town,  
Is sixty miles, laid fairly down ;  
There came the stag, with rapid pace,  
Yet scarcely foremost in the race.

But not in Scottish lands is found,  
A refuge for the eager hound ;  
He stops, he turns, again he flies,  
Still at his heels the foe he spies.

He turns, with sad forebodings torn,  
Intent to seek his native lawn ;  
“ Let me,” he pray’d, nor pray’d in vain,  
“ Behold those dear-loved scenes again !

“ O Dian ! if to thee I yield  
The palm of this contested field,  
Let me not here forgotten lie,  
But where I’ve triumph’d let me die !”

Though weaken'd with the former run,  
And panting 'neath the mid-day sun,  
Eager they trace their steps again,  
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen.

To Red Kirk it was miles three-score,  
And back again was sixty more ;  
For now the well-known scenes appear,  
From whence began their bold career.

Exhausted with the lengthen'd race,  
Thither they sped, with slacken'd pace ;  
The hart one final effort tries,  
He clears the fence—then falls, and dies.

His staunch pursuer leaps in vain,  
His length he measures on the plain ;  
Within the pales the hart was found,  
Breathless, without, lay stretch'd the hound.

An aged thorn, in Whitfield Park,  
Long stood the fact's recording mark ;  
Long there (to all the country known)  
The heads of hound and hart were shown.

The rustic poet of the day,  
Beneath the trophy carved this lay,  
“ Stout Hercules kill'd Hart o' Greece,  
And Hart o' Greece kill'd Hercules.”

Though old the subject of my rhyme,  
Yet Fame defies the threats of Time !  
Long on her record live the brave,  
Their actions triumph o'er the grave.

.....

In Whitfield Park, at the borders of this county (Cumberland,) they shew you a hawthorn tree, against which the heads of a stag and dog were formerly nailed up, in memory of a famous chase. It seems the dog singly chased

a stag, from this park, as far as the Red Kirk, in Scotland, which, they say, is sixty miles, at least, and back again to the same place; where, being both spent, the stag exerted his last force to leap the park pales, but died on the inside; the hound, attempting to leap after him, had not strength to get over, but fell back and died on the outside, just opposite. The heads of both were nailed upon the tree, and underneath this distich made upon them; the hound's name, it seems, was Hercules :

“ Hercules kill'd Hart o'Greese,  
And Hart o'Greese kill'd Hercules.”

*Tour through Great Britain, 1738, vol. 3.*

## THE RETORT,

OR THE

## KING AND THE EXILE.

---

A BRITISH knight, some centuries ago,  
Was, for misdeeds, or what were reckon'd so,  
Condemn'd to quit his native isle ;  
He went to France, amidst the courtiers bow'd,  
And (fortune favor'd) from the supple crowd  
Monopolized the royal smile.

Whether the bent of kingly whims he knew,  
Or rose by merit, which few courtiers do,

To tell is really past my art ;  
So much the monarch's favor he possest,  
That, save when majesty retired to rest,  
The pair were seldom seen apart.

'Tis strange, that, 'mongst the polish'd groups of  
France,  
So famed for shrugs, congées, and complaisance,  
One, these rejecting, should prevail ;  
Perhaps old Louis took delight in truth,  
And found it only in the British youth—  
'Twill suit the sequel of my tale.

Once, in that temple, where the meanest bring  
As rich an offering as the greatest king,  
The Monarch thus bespoke our Knight,  
"This secret shrine with British arms I *grace*,  
Nor is there to be found a fitter place,  
I hold them in esteem so light.

“Search through this spacious palace, and behold,

Whilst others’ arms appear in burnish’d gold,

The British find no room but here ;”

The exile smiled, as on the monarch ran,

He loved his country, though a banish’d man,

And answer’d thus the royal sneer :

“How great ! how wise ! from this, in my belief,

Your costive majesty finds much relief ;

Whoe’er advised it was no fool :

Were they exposed ’twou’d be a grievous case,

For, sire, the British arms, in any place,

Would bring a Frenchman to a st—.”

---

Rabelais, in his 4th book, chap. 67, relates this story of the French poet, Villon, and our Edward the Fifth. To entertain the least idea of emulating that eccentric writer, would, in me, be the highest presumption, but, as the whole is evidently a fabrication of his own brain, I conceive myself perfectly warrantable in the *Retort*.



THE  
LEGEND OF BERNARDO,  
SAINT AND MARTYR.

---

“To-morrow’s Saint Bernardo’s day,  
’Twill be a scene of rich delight ;  
The bells will ring, the pipes will play,  
Then stranger tarry here to-night.

“No harsh restraint our priests ordain,  
Nor solemn rite, nor fast severe ;  
But on that day the bowl we drain,  
And dance and sing—then tarry here.

---

“ Our sports and pastimes freely share,  
Well shall our mirth reward thy stay,  
And mem’ry’s latest hour shall wear  
A smile for Saint Bernardo’s day.”

“ Bernardo !” cries the guest, “ I vow  
I ne’er was of the Saint apprized,  
Nor ever heard his name till now ;  
Say, is he newly canonized ?”

“ Far hast thou come,” replies mine host,  
“ Or thou his name and worth hadst known,  
Learn, then, this favor’d spot can boast  
A Saint and Martyr of its own,

“ Whose recent loss we all deplore ;  
Not one of those who lie and rot,  
A century or two before,  
’Tis certain whether Saint or not.

“ Though now no more, in ev’ry thought,  
Where faith and true devotion lives,  
The wondrous miracle he wrought,  
A lasting monument survives.

“ Short is the tale, then lend an ear,  
And know our sins’ enormous load,  
Brought on this town a curse severe,  
As e’er the wrath of Heav’n bestow’d.

“ For fifteen years no prattling child  
A parent’s fondest wishes crown’d,  
Yet each succeeding harvest smiled,  
And the rich vintage blush’d around.

“ But what avails the hoarded grain,  
Or countless tuns of gen’rous wine?  
A fruitless care, when none remain  
Who till’d the ground, or pruned the vine..

---

“ Industry hails the early dawn,  
Hope stimulates the active mind ;  
But all in vain, when none are born  
To share the wealth we leave behind.

“ Already our declining race  
The dire calamity confess ;  
A sullen gloom o’erspread each face,  
Despondence canker’d every breast.

“ Our labours ceased, with hearts dismay’d  
To mitigate the wrath divine,  
To patron Saints we vow’d and pray’d,  
And gifts were heap’d on every shrine.

“ From far and near, of virtues rare,  
Each precious relic was obtain’d ;  
And pilgrimage, and pageants fair,  
And strictest fastings were undain’d.

“ The relics’ wonted virtues fail’d,  
And deaf were all the saintly bands ;  
Nor pray’rs nor fastings aught avail’d,  
Nor pilgrimage to distant lands.

“ At length just when deprived of hope,  
Each bosom sinking in despair,  
It pleased our holy SIRE, the POPE,  
To take us ’neath his blessed care.

“ From Rome a wondrous scholar came ;  
Ne’er was that mortal seen on earth  
Could rival good Bernardo’s fame,  
For manly form, and pious worth.

“ He bade us to the fields repair,  
Our long-neglected vines attend,  
Whilst he implored, with fervent pray’r,  
That Heaven might its wrath unbend.

---

“Our widows, maids, and wives he sought,  
With each in humblest postures bow’d,  
Morn, noon, and night, he pray’d and wrought,  
And solid blessings he bestow’d.

“Three arduous months the holy man,  
Devoting to this *virtuous* strife,  
Perfected what he’d thus began,  
And blest each widow, maid, and wife.

“When health his graceful form forsook,  
Fast from his cheek the roses fled,  
Then drooping, to his couch he took,  
And soon was number’d with the dead.

“For our remission stout he fought,  
But in the cause a martyr fell,  
Yet, ere he fell, the fields he wrought,  
Long shall our faithful legends tell.

“ Maids, widows, wives, at once confess  
The gifted man, the future Saint ;  
A thousand living proofs attest,  
What I but feebly strive to paint.

“ Our vineyards thrive, the grave we press,  
Around we see our smiling heirs ;  
A thousand proofs at once confess  
The force of good Bernardo’s *pray’rs*.

“ And sacred to his worth and fame,  
Our wealth yon stately pile hath rear’d ;  
For ever may it bear his name,  
For ever be his name rever’d.

“ Then tarry here, our pastimes share,  
Well shall our mirth reward thy stay,  
And mem’ry’s latest hour shall wear  
A smile for Saint Bernardo’s day.”

## 108 THE LEGEND OF BERNARDO.

---

He paused ; the stranger scarce represt  
The thoughts that would their faith accuse,  
But wisely lock'd them in his breast,  
And soon his purposed way pursues.

Then drink, and let no fears invade,  
Nor age nor impotence despair,  
Who put their faith in Monkish aid,  
Shall never want a chubby heir.

## THE MISER'S WILL.

---

WHEN hoarding Marcus on his death-bed lay,  
And life's sure tide had nearly ebb'd away;  
When all the joys on which his fancy fed,  
Of present heaps, and future gains, were fled,  
Away his darling gold must stay behind,  
He heaved a sigh, and every doit resign'd;  
Then to the croud (who daily 'round him wait  
With seeming grief for his approaching fate,

Soothing his mind with hopes of num'rous years,  
Though in that hope concert'd all their fears)  
He thus explain'd, what he'd so long delay'd,  
The distribution he by will had made :

“ I was an orphan, friendless and distrest,  
No parents' fondness ever made me blest,  
No anxious mother watch'd me while I slept,  
Or fast beside my sickly pillow wept ;  
No father's voice, whilst youthful faults were rife,  
Reproved each vice, and led me into life ;  
Each infant want, their early death denied,  
Was by the hand of Charity supplied ;  
Rough was the prospect which before me lay,  
But hard industry clear'd the thorny way ;  
I mark'd the road which men for riches took,  
Nor once the ever-pleasing path forsook,  
And, whilst the anxious journey I endured,  
What labour brought frugality secured ;

---

Fortune was kind, since then her smiles I share,  
To rear each helpless orphan be my care,  
For which I have five thousand pound bestow'd—  
O may it ease Misfortune's heavy load!

“Through life what num'rous objects I've  
beheld,  
Imploring bitter alms, by want impell'd,  
Still doom'd to ask, yet, asking, are denied  
The smallest pittance from the hoards of pride ;  
Spurn'd from the threshold where the giddy haste,  
Where riot triumphs 'midst abundant waste ;  
Where wild profusion, in one thoughtless night,  
On scenes that scarce a glimpse of joy excite,  
Scatters around, to murder health and rest,  
Sums that would make a thousand wretches blest.  
From meagre want to shield the helpless poor,  
I've given (so may they smile) five thousand more.

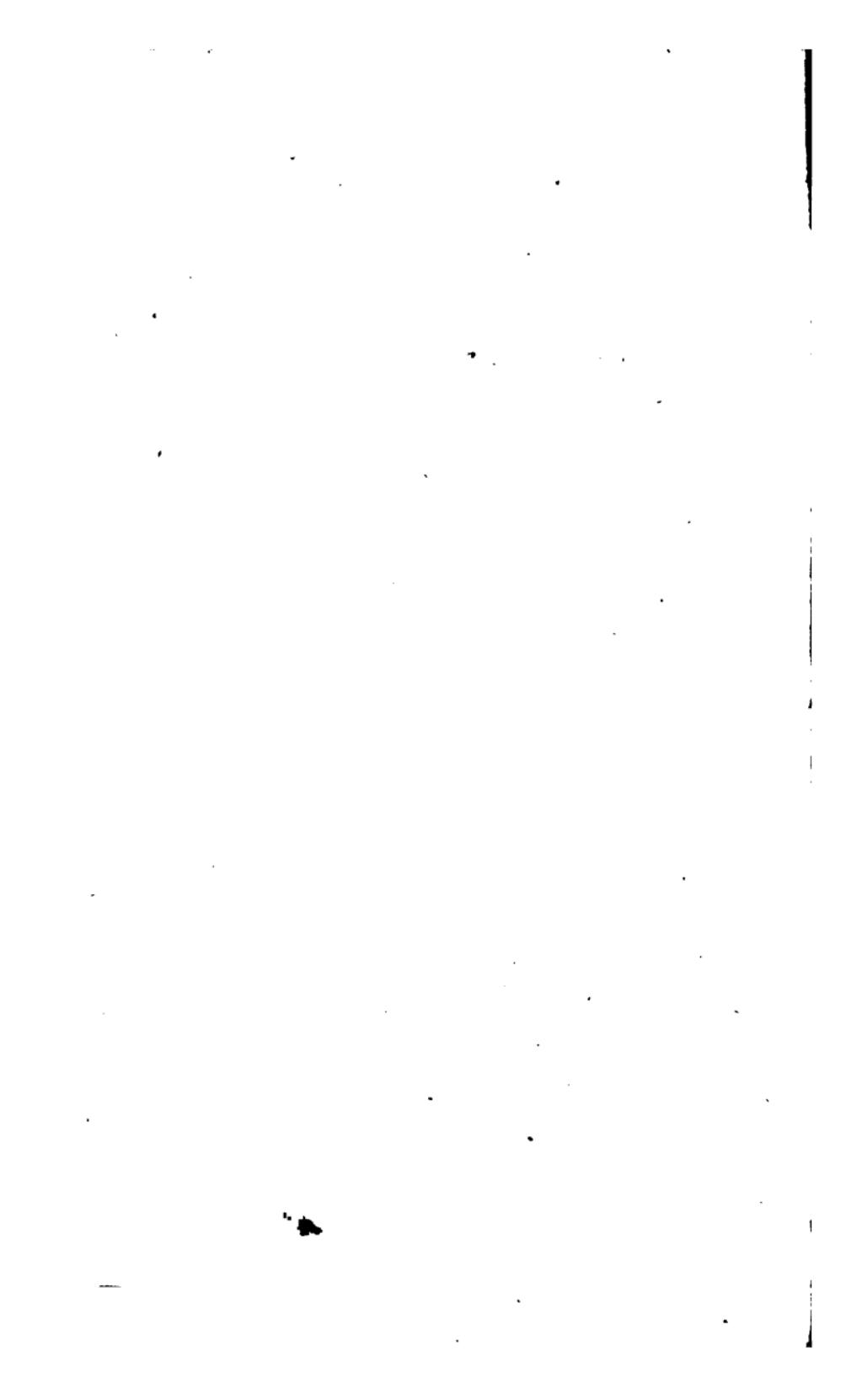
“Heaven knows that age, with iron hand, hath  
spread  
Infirmities unnumber'd o'er my head;  
My deafen'd ear forewarn'd me of decay,  
My darken'd eye scarce caught the beam of day;  
I therefore have (such sorrows to assuage,  
And smooth the pillow of defenceless age)  
Within my will an equal sum assign'd,  
To raise a dwelling for the deaf and blind.

“This have I done, and now, my friends, for you  
A recompense remains, so justly due,  
For kindly have you watch'd my life's decline,  
Neglecting rest to add an hour to mine;  
You hear what sums to charity I've given,  
And charity secures the smiles of Heaven,  
Yes, all concern'd to help the needy crowd,  
May claim reward, and have the claim allow'd:

I've therefore left you"—here a cough awhile  
Obstructs his utt'rance, whilst the inward smile  
Of expectation gladden'd ev'ry one—  
"I've left you all—*Trustees* to see it done."

**MORAL,**

Who anxious waits for dead mens' shoes,  
Oft gets a pair—he cannot use,



## THE KING AND THE ARROW'S HEAD.

---

Of seeming evils, or apparent good,  
But very little can be understood,  
So greatly they promote each other's end;  
And Fortune's *smile* (th' event too often shows)  
Proves more destructive than a host of foes,  
Her *frown* more useful than a shoal of friends.

Disasters, which seem fatal, oft give birth  
To benefits the greatest upon earth,

---

And not without a precedent I've said it,  
One of a sovereign potentate I sing,  
Mamillus Bubulus, Hetruria's king,  
A fact, if ancient record claimeth credit.

This monarch once in fight receiv'd a wound,  
An arrow through his cheek a passage found,  
Then broke, but fix'd its head amazing fast ;  
The archer reckon'd it a lucky shot,  
I need not say his majesty did not,  
His thoughts were likely of a different cast.

The surgeons, doubtless men of wondrous skill,  
None of your cutting rogues, who cure or kill,  
Who take delight in seeing patients grin,  
Peep'd in the royal nob, and probed about,  
But having strove in vain to get it out,  
Determined (wise enough) to leave it in.

Some lopping wight of these enlighten'd  
days,  
With tuck'd up sleeve his polish'd knife displays,  
(Form'd for a butcher, but a surgeon bred,)  
Exclaims, "What! leave it sticking in the  
nob?  
Curse me, before I'd given in the job,  
But I'd have cut away one half the head!"

Now whether it arose from judging ill,  
Or fear or tenderness opposed their skill,  
Is foreign to the matter of my tale;  
They left it in, as I observed before,  
The painful ill the monarch calmly bore,  
Nor at the failure once was heard to rail.

It happen'd shortly after, on a day  
His troops assembled in their best array,

---

T' appear before the king in grand review ;  
Oft down their well-formed ranks well-pleased he  
rode,  
And many were the royal smiles bestow'd  
On those whose prowess in the fight he knew.

Which was to blame it matters not if known,  
Or horse or rider, but the king was thrown ;  
Loud with the shock the glittering helmet rings ;  
Some heads (though thick as millstones) with the  
blow  
Had made up their *quietes*, but you know  
A *great* allowance must be made for kings.

No sooner did the monarch touch the ground,  
Than all the group of courtiers flock'd around,  
Thinking, no doubt, to find him fairly dead,  
But up he rose, unhurt, and better still,  
What long had baffled all his surgeon's skill,  
The shock at once removed the arrow's head.

Mamillus Bubulus, King of the Hetrurians, being shot through his cheek with an arrow, which broke within him, by a fall from his horse discharged the arrow-head at his mouth.

*Letters of Don Antonio Guevara, Englished by Mr. Savage,*  
*Edit. 1701.*



BONOMI,  
OR THE  
MAID OF BUSSORA.

---

“HERE shall my weary limbs find rest,  
My wants shall cease, my sorrows end;  
My heart, so long by cares opprest,  
Revives and boldly claims a friend.”

“Twas thus (as through Bussora’s gate,  
At early dawn Bonomi past)  
He spoke, with honest joy elate,  
As ‘round his eager eyes were cast.

---

“Stranger,” he cries, “O deign to tell,  
Nor deem my anxious question rude,  
Where doth the rich Anselmo dwell,  
Anselmo, call’d the ‘rich and good?’ ”

“Well hast thou heard Anselmo’s fame,”  
‘Twas answer’d, “and, if countless gold,  
Or worth, peculiar gifts might claim,  
Ev’n now his years had been untold.

“But low is laid our city’s pride,  
Too soon his earthly course was run;”  
“Too soon, alas!” Bonomi cried,  
“Yet tell me where resides his son?”

“His son! Anselmo had no son!”  
He said, then rode with haste along,  
For now the noisy mart’s begun,  
Where traffic draws the busy throng.

“ He had no son ! can it be so ?  
Were then my sunrings but a dream ?  
Did I not all my wealth forego,  
To snatch him, drowning, from the stream ?

“ Still seems to vibrate on my ear,  
That cry, when by the billow's toss,  
‘ Youth, render thy assistance here !  
O save my child, or both are lost !’

“ Nor did I render aid in vain,  
False has yon stranger made reply ;  
The sordid mind, intent on gain,  
Unblushing fabricates a lie.

“ From traffic's over-reaching herd,  
Long, long hath truth indignant lied ;  
Falsehood, in evil hour preferr'd,  
There raises her triumphant head.

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“But spotless is the infant mind,  
Come hither, child, thou still art young,  
And the deceit that brands mankind,  
May not, as yet, infect thy tongue.

“Say didst thou good Anselmo know,  
Or hast thou ever heard his name?”—  
“There dwells not here, or high or low,  
A stranger to his worth and fame.

“ ’Tis said the most malignant heart  
Join’d in the universal cry,  
That death might take his mortal part,  
But his good deeds would never die.”

“And has his son no share of praise?  
Has he to fame no title won?”—  
“Anselmo’s son!” the stripling says,  
“Anselmo never had a son!”

“Bonomi ! most forlorn of men !  
Alas ! must you again be told  
He had no son ? Can falsehood then  
Pervade, alike, both young and old ?

“Or could Anselmo—no ; the thought  
Shall never blast the good man’s fame ;  
Some demon my destruction wrought,  
Some fiend assumed his form and name.

“And yet this tablet had a charm  
(As oft its fair contents I read,)  
Could Nature’s deadliest foes disarm,  
And want, and care, and sorrow fled.”

Thus saying, from his breast he took,  
And read the kind memento o’er,  
But with a sad desponding look  
Perused it, for it charm’d no more.

‘Thou brave preserver of my child,  
 Now of each mortal joy bereaved,  
 Not vain on me had fortune smiled,  
 Could wealth thy sorrows have relieved.

‘If e’er restored to peace and health,  
 Then to Bussora speed thy way,  
 There shall Anselmo, blest with wealth,  
 Thy gen’rous fortitude repay.’

“Fair record, since possest of thee,  
 Midst all my wants I wore a smile;  
 Care stung in vain, and canst thou be  
 The offspring of inventive guile?

“You smiling hopes, on which each thought,  
 Till this sad hour, delighted fed,  
 Delusive dreams, with transports fraught,  
 O whither, whither have you fled?

“ For me no more the morn serene  
Shall rise with happiness replete ;  
No more for me the phantom scene  
Shall visionary bliss repeat.”

He ceased, for nature more denied,  
Opprest by want, fatigue, and care,  
A look to Heaven he cast, then sigh'd,  
And sunk in sorrow and despair.

Then had his spirit sought the shades,  
But, as he fell, a beauteous dame,  
The fairest of Bussora's maids,  
By Heaven directed thither came.

She saw him sink, and call'd aloud,  
“ Haste to yon fainting stranger's aid !”  
Around her ready menials crowd,  
And with delight her voice obey'd.

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They bore him to a stately dome,  
Where soon each genial means bestow'd  
Recall'd his fleeting spirits home,  
And health in ev'ry feature glow'd.

Three days' unceasing generous care,  
His strength and manly grace renew'd,  
Save that a sad dejected air  
Bespoke his sorrows unsubdued.

And now, when anxious to depart,  
He strove to thank the beauteous maid,  
She mark'd the sufferings of his heart,  
His looks the latent wound betray'd.

“Stranger!” she cried, “whate'er the cause  
From whence thy secret griefs arise,  
Whilst silence with such caution draws  
The veil, and human aid denies,

“In vain the friendly hand we reach,  
To sooth the pangs thy bosom feels;  
In vain prescribes the skilful leech,  
When man his malady conceals.

“Say, whence proceeds the frequent sigh?  
Why often starts the silent tear?  
Ev’n now thy sorrows meet my eye,  
Nor would I turn th’ unwilling ear.”

“Think not, fair maid,” the youth replied,  
“I wish to hide my cause of grief;  
The wretch, of ev’ry hope denied,  
From list’ning pity finds relief.

“And then, when beauty sooths our care,  
Who shall at human ills repine?  
Thy sympathy hath lull’d despair,  
And deaden’d every sting of mine.

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“ Yet do I feel the glow of shame,  
In deepest tints rebuke convey,  
That loss of wealth a tear should claim,  
And thus my worldly thoughts betray :

“ On Italy’s delightful plains,  
Where youths in mazy dances move,  
And music pours melodious strains,  
Responsive to the vocal grove;

“ There lives my aged sire, and there  
My round of infant years I ran,  
Without a wish, without a care,  
Till childhood ripen’d into man.

“ When now, my twentieth summer past,  
Me once aside my father took,  
Pensive awhile he stood, at last  
His trembling lips the silence broke.

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“Bonomi, Heaven only knows  
With what anxiety and pride  
I've watch'd till manhood should disclose  
Thy worth, nor are my hopes denied.

“For know, my son, on thee alone  
Depends (now I'm in life's decline)  
Thy parents' fortunes and thy own,  
Their future happiness and thine.

“Long by the world reputed rich,  
The needy crowded round my door;  
False is the glare that doth bewitch  
The eyes of men, for I am poor.

“Yet secret pride forbade my tongue  
The rumour of my wealth deny,  
Lest those who on my bounty hung  
Should thence display the tearful eye.

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“ Year after year my lessening store  
Forewarn’d me of approaching want,  
Still to the numbers who implore,  
The long-repeated alms I grant.

“ Yes, such hath been my wealth’s decrease,  
The golden tide hath ebb’d so low,  
That soon this bounteous hand must cease  
Its wonted blessings to bestow.

“ Ev’n now, with aching heart, I told  
My once fair fortune’s scant remains,  
Scarce dares my conscious tongue unfold  
What sum the little all contains.

“ Then hear me, nor my hopes deny,  
For all my hopes on thee depend,  
Go to the world, thy fortune try,  
And may success thy steps attend.

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“ Within this casket shalt thou find  
One portion of my wealth ; though small,  
Yet, with the treasures of thy mind,  
Ample shall seem that little all.

“ Go then, life’s busy scenes explore,  
Press foremost in the crowded mart,  
Industry shall increase thy store,  
And ev’ry golden gift impart.

“ Three years from home thy stay prolong,  
Meantime the pipe’s enchanting strains  
Shall cease, nor shall the dance or song  
Gladden Bonomi’s native plains.”—

“ I took the casket from my sire,  
And, flush’d with hope, bade home farewell ;  
Needless it were thine ear to tire,  
With what each anxious hour beset.

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“ No toil my ardour could depress,  
No perils e'er my course delay'd;  
Crown'd was each effort with success,  
And fortune all my cares repaid.

“ When now the seasons, in their change,  
Had circled each auspicious year  
Laid down for my advent'rous range,  
Homeward I sped, with glad career.

“ Oh voyage too disastrous found !  
The cup of plenty from my hand  
Was dash'd, untasted, to the ground,  
With all my fondest hopes had plann'd.

“ One fatal eve a storm arose,  
That baffled all the seaman's art ;  
No errors could its rage oppose,  
No human skill relief impart.

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“ The wind with madden’d fury bent,  
Tore from the yards each ample sail ;  
Aloft the spreading canvas rent,  
Like streamers floated in the gale.

“ The angry waves, by winds impell’d,  
Dash’d their proud heads against the bark ;  
Night, clad in darkness, empire held,  
No star gave one consoling spark.

“ Morn came, but came to overwhelm  
With horrors which the night conceal’d ;  
Aghast the pilot left the helm,  
To fear the stouter bosoms yield.

“ To certain fate, a rocky shore  
The early dawn disclosed to view,  
For which our shatter’d vessel bore,  
Ungovern’d as the winds that blew.

“ Scarce was a moment left for pray’r,  
She struck, down came each lofty mast;  
The crash, the shriekings of despair,  
Mock’d ev’n the howling of the blast.

“ Tremendous scene! th’ impetuous tide,  
Exulting o’er its fallen prey,  
Soon through the bark’s defenceless side,  
With ruthless fury bent its way.

“ Thence sudden to the boist’rous main,  
Relentless swept the crowded deck,  
And happy he whose arm could gain  
A fragment of the floating wreck.

“ Me, strong of limb, and early train’d,  
In youthful sport, the stream to brave,  
Amidst the blast my form sustain’d,  
Buoyant upon the circling wave.

“ Whilst thus upon the billows tost,  
A piercing cry assail’d my ear,  
‘Oh save my child or both are lost!  
Oh render thy assistance here!’

“ I look’d and saw an aged sire,  
Upholding, midst th’ unfeeling storm,  
A fainting youth, whose vital fire  
Seem’d parting from his tender form.

“ The casket which my wealth contain’d,  
Companion of that cheerless night,  
Firm in my pow’rful grasp remain’d,  
And then, ev’n then, could hope excite.

“ But when my eyes the sire discern’d,  
Who now no further effort made,  
At once my treasured gold I spurn’d,  
And stemm’d the torrent to his aid.

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“ Nor was that aid bestow’d in vain,  
The stripling in my arms I bore,  
And, struggling with the adverse main,  
Haply I gain’d the neigh’ring shore.

“ The beach was throng’d ; a numerous band,  
Prompt to assist, all anxious stood,  
And, as we near’d the welcome land,  
Preserved us from the heating flood.

“ And timely that assistance came,  
Scarce could my strength the wave repel,  
Exertion had unnerfed my frame,  
Exhausted, to the ground I fell.

“ Yet nature strove, nor ceased the strife,  
Till she had rear’d my drooping head,  
But, when restored to light and life,  
Reason had from its mansion fled.

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“ Deprived of peace and health I lay  
Six ling’ring months, a wretch forlorn,  
Nor knew I, till that distant day,  
What follow’d on the fatal morn.

“ When from my sickly bed I rose,  
Nor more with wild delirium raved,  
Then did my generous host disclose,  
That many of the crew were saved.

“ That one whose forehead seem’d to wear  
The badge of many anxious years,  
Had watch’d me with a parent’s care,  
And damp’d my pillow with his tears.

“ And whilst he prest my burning hand,  
And every healing art essay’d,  
Close by his side a youth would stand,  
Invoking Heaven to my aid.

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“That when departing, they besought  
All those that pity 'round me drew,  
By each fond wish, each tender thought,  
Their gen'rous efforts to pursue.

“And then for me this pleasing proof,  
This tablet (oft with transport read,)  
Consign'd to him, whose friendly roof  
Had shelter'd my defenceless head.

“*Thou brave preserver of my child,*  
*Now of each mortal joy bereaved,*  
*Not vain on me had Fortune smiled,*  
*Could wealth thy sorrows have relieved.*

“*If e'er restored to peace and health,*  
*Then to Bussora speed thy way,*  
*There shall Anselmo, blest with wealth,*  
*Thy gen'rous fortitude repay.*”

“ Posset of this fresh toils I braved,  
And wander’d far, unknown and poor ;  
Whilst Hope her snowy banner waved,  
Fatigue, without a sigh, I bore.

“ For wheresoe’er I laid my head,  
Through ev’ry clime, where’er I came,  
The good Anselmo’s worth was spread,  
His deeds afar diffused his fame.

“ Judge, then, with what delight I saw  
Bussora’s walls before me rise ;  
O let your mind the picture draw,  
How beam’d with joy my longing eyes.

“ Alas ! ’twas Hope’s departing rays,  
Anselmo’s mortal course is run ;  
The summons we must all obey  
He hath obey’d—and had no son.

“ Such have I heard from old and young,  
 And falsehood cannot all pervade ;  
 Yet, lady, never hath my tongue  
 Truth’s sacred mandates disobey’d ” —

“ Nor have they told thee aught but truth ;  
 Though doubts may o’er thy mind prevail,”  
 She said, “ nor needs there here, brave youth,  
 A voucher to confirm thy tale.

“ Anselmo never had a son,  
 Yet was his child preserv’d by thee ;  
 A favour’d child, his only one !  
 It was a daughter ! I am she !

“ The good Anselmo was my sire,  
 He loved me nor was less beloved,  
 With him that time, in man’s attire,  
 The perils of the seas I proved.

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“ And thou wert by my garb deceiv’d,  
In that disguise a youth I seem’d,  
As such that dreadful hour believed,  
As such by thee for ever doom’d.

“ O had he now with life been blest,  
To see thee thus to health restored,  
What joys had fired his gen’rous breast,  
’Twas all his fervent pray’rs implored.

“ Yet think not dying he forgot,  
The tribute from Ansehmo-dae ;  
Of riches ample was his lot,  
And well the worth of gold he knew !

“ Yes, gallant youth, my sire to thee  
Bequeath’d one half his wealthy store ;  
Had the reward been left to me,  
Bonomi, I had giv’n thee more.”

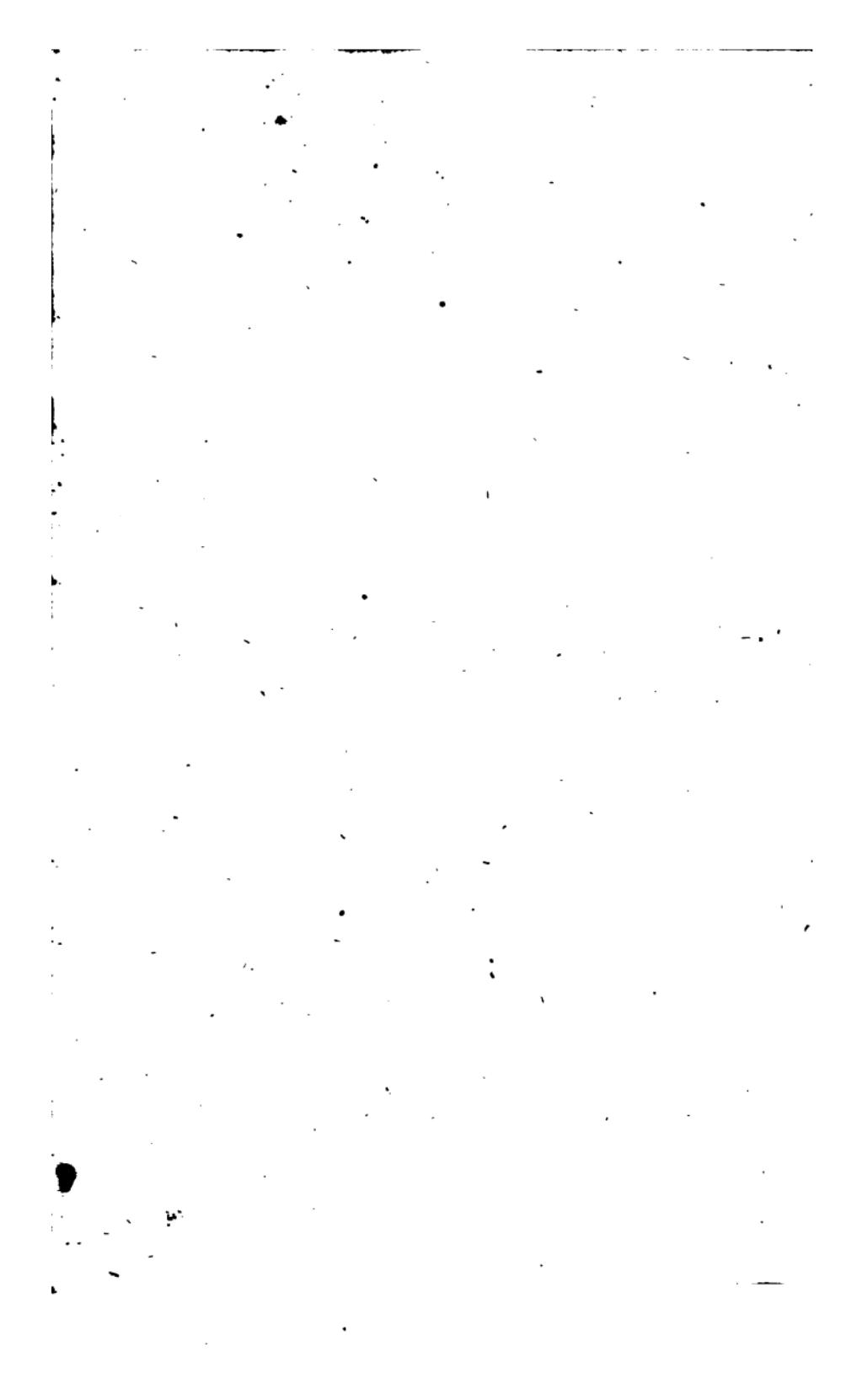
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"Twas said, nor all the fabled heaps  
Of Lydia's monarch could recal  
The tender words that 'scaped her lips,  
Nor did they unregarded fall.

She blush'd, he seized her hand, she smiled,  
More it were needless to relate,  
He who preserved Anselmo's child,  
Preserved a rich and lovely mate.

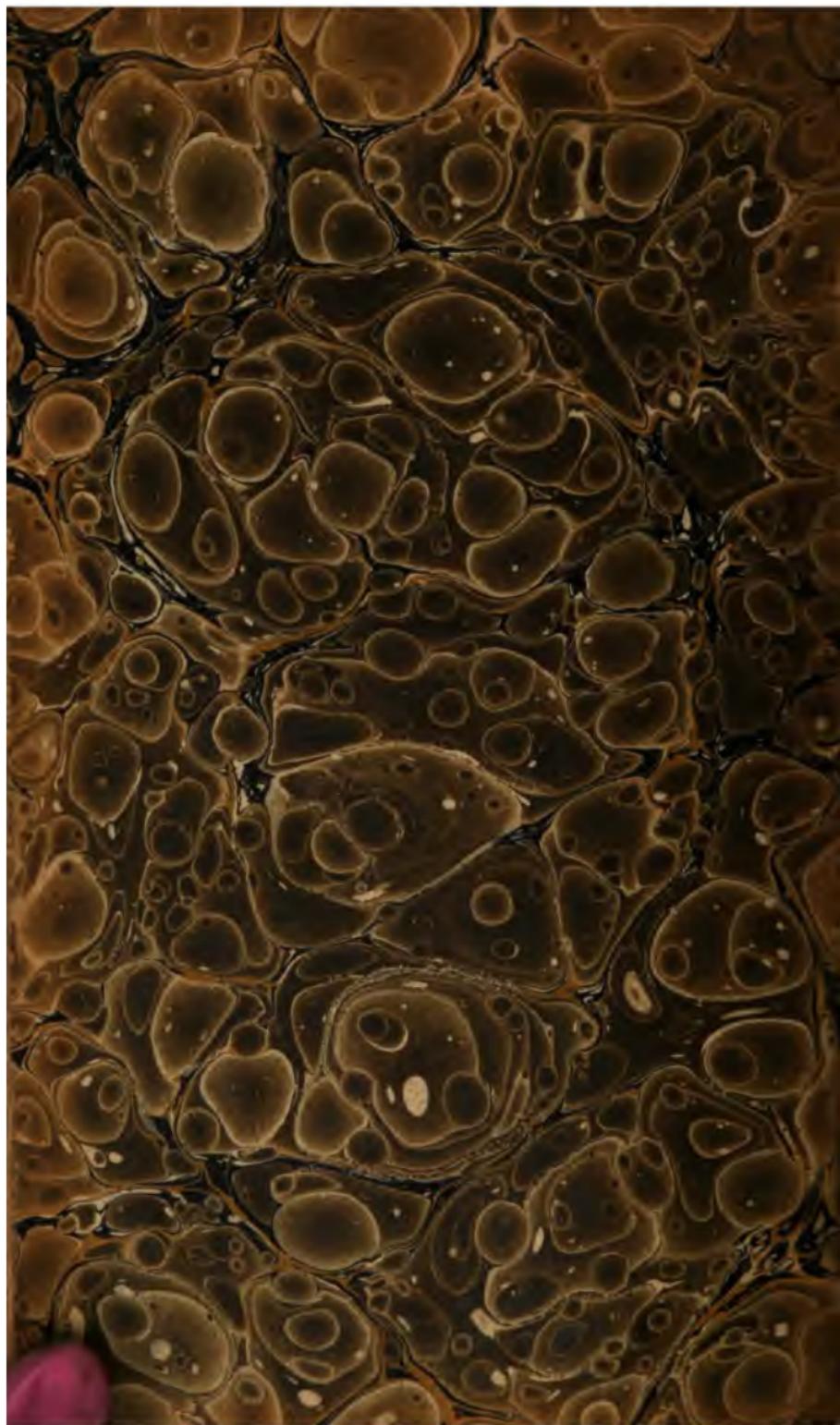
They quit Bussora's busy throng,  
Again the smile of Plenty reigns,  
Again the cheerful pipe and song  
Gladden Bonomi's native plains.

FINIS.



7/6 Rain?

John



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